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MADAME TREBELLI.

RAILWAYS.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.

CHELMSFORD RACES, TUESDAY, 1st October, 1878.

On the above date, in addition to the Ordinary Trains, a SPECIAL TRAIN, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class, will leave Liverpool-street for CHELMSFORD at 11.15 a.m., returning from Chelmsford for Liverpool-street at 4.55 p.m.; calling at Stratford only. Fares, Liverpool-street and Chelmsford:—Single, 1st Class, 5s. 9d.; 2nd Class, 4s. 4d.; 3rd Class, 3s. 5d.; Parliamentary, 2s. 5½d. Return, 1st Class, 8s. 6d.; 2nd Class, 7s. 3d.; 3rd Class, 5s. 6d. London, September, 1878. S. SWARBICK, General Manager.

SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

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ON FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, 4th and 5th OCTOBER. (Sunbury Station is only Five Minutes' walk from the Course). FREQUENT SPECIAL TRAINS will run from Waterloo, Vauxhall, Hammersmith, Kensington, West Brompton, Chelsea, Battersea, and Clapham Junction Stations to SUNBURY. Returning from Sunbury after the races. CHEAP TRAINS will run from Waterloo Bridge Station, commencing at 8.0 a.m., until 10.0 a.m. inclusive. And SPECIAL TRAINS from 10 a.m. till 1 p.m. Fares from Waterloo, Vauxhall, Hammersmith, Kensington, West Brompton, Chelsea, Battersea, Clapham Junction, by Cheap Trains up to 10 a.m. Tickets may be procured on and after the 1st October, at the West End Office, 30, Regent-street, Piccadilly-circus; Messrs. Gaze and Son, 142, Strand; Golden Cross, Charing-cross; Exeter-buildings, Arthur-street West, E.C.; and at the Waterloo-bridge, Vauxhall, Clapham Junction, Kensington (Addison-road) Stations.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.

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THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL COVENT GARDEN.

M. RIVIERE begs to announce that he will give under his sole direction and responsibility, a series of five weeks of grand vocal and instrumental PROMENADE CONCERTS, to commence next SATURDAY, October 5th. Grand Orchestra, Full Chorus, Two Military Bands, One Hundred and Fifty Performers. Conductor: M. RIVIERE. Full particulars will be duly announced.

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE.

Sole Lessee and Manager, F. B. Chatterton. This Theatre, re-decorated, open for the Season Saturday, 28th September, and every evening at 8 o'clock, will be presented Shakespeare's Romantic Play, A WINTER'S TALE. Scenery by William Beverly. Leontes, Mr. Charles Dillon; Heruione, Miss Wallis; Perdita, Miss Fowler, and Paulina, Mrs. Hermann Vezin. Preceded, at 7 o'clock, by Lecocq's Operetta, ANGELA, or A WOMAN'S WIT; conclude with the Comic Ballet LORD DUNDKEARY. Box Office open 10 till 5 daily.

THEATRE ROYAL HAYMARKET.

BYRON.—Last Four Nights for the present of an original comedy-drama, CONSCIENCE MONEY. Act 1: "Three Lovers." Act 2: "No Home." Act 3: "Love in a Cottage." By H. J. Byron, author of "Married in Haste," "Our Boys," "Cyril's Success," "A Fool and his Money," &c. Mr. Byron as Dick Simpson, Messrs. Charles Kelly, Howe, R. Pateman, D. Fisher, jun., and W. Terriss; Miss Bella Pateman, Miss E. Thorne, &c. Box Office open from 10 till 5. Doors open 7.30.

MR. JOHN S. CLARKE will reappear, after an absence of twelve months, on Thursday evening, October 3rd, in Sheridan's comedy of THE RIVALS, as Bob Acres. His first appearance in that character in London these four years. Places may now be secured.—HAYMARKET THEATRE.

ROYAL ADELPHI THEATRE. Sole Pro-

prietor, Mr. Benjamin Webster. Sole Lessees and Managers, Messrs. A. and S. Gatti. Every Evening at 7.45, PROOF. Mr. Hermann Vezin Messrs. Arthur Stirling, L. Lablache, C. Harcourt, J. Johnstone, and E. J. George. Mesdames Bandmann, Messrs. A. Stirling, Billington, Clara Jecks, Kate Harry, and L. Moodie. Preceded by, at 7.30, SARAH'S YOUNG MAN. Messrs. E. J. George, F. Moreland, Waring. Mesdames Clara Jecks, J. Coveney, and Bentley. To conclude with SHRIMPS FOR TWO.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.

Mr. George Honey, in Comedy and Extravaganza.—On Monday and every evening at 7.30, PEACE AND QUIET; at 8, THE AMBASSADOR FROM BELOW, Mr. George Honey. At 9, Comedy, LOVE OR MONEY, Mr. George Honey, and powerful Company of London Artists. See Bills.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—UNCLE TOM'S

CABIN.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. WALTER GOOCH.—On SATURDAY, and every evening, Messrs. Jarrett and Palmer's grand revival of UNCLE TOM'S CABIN. Preceded by a farce, FOX AND GOOSE, at 7. Doors open at 6.30, commence at 7. Powerful cast. New music, new scenery, and new costumes. 100 real Freed Slaves, and a host of Jubilee Singers.

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and PALMER (of Booth's Theatre, New York) beg to announce a SERIES of AFTERNOON and EVENING PERFORMANCES of their great spectacular revival of UNCLE TOM'S CABIN at the PRINCESS'S and ROYAL AQUARIUM THEATRES. PRINCESS'S EVERY EVENING, and ROYAL AQUARIUM THEATRE every afternoon until further notice. The company engaged is composed of the best available European and American artists, together with a host of genuine freed slaves from the Southern States of America. The plaintive songs of the slaves will be sung by selected bands of Jubilee singers, including the Louisiana Troubadours, the Four Jolly Coons, and the greatest banjo player in the world, Horace Weston.

AQUARIUM THEATRE.—UNCLE TOM'S

CABIN, under the management of Messrs. Jarrett and Palmer. On MONDAY, September 30th, and every afternoon, Messrs. Jarrett and Palmer's grand revival of UNCLE TOM'S CABIN. Cast same as at Princess's. Doors open at 2. Commence at 2.30.

CRITERION THEATRE.—Lessee and

Manager, Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON.—483rd night and continued success of PINK DOMINOS. Re-appearance of all the original company. Every Evening at 7.30, the serio-comic drama, in two acts, by John Oxenford, Esq., entitled THE PORTER'S KNOT; Sampson Burr. Mr. Henry Ashley. At 8.45, THE PINK DOMINOS. Messrs. Charles Wyndham, Standish, Elwood, Ashley, A. Harris, Francis; Mesdames Fanny Josephs, Duncan, Camille Clermont, M. Davis, E. Bruce.—Acting-Manager, Mr. H. J. Hitchens.

FOLLY THEATRE.

Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON. Enthusiastic reception of MISS LYDIA THOMPSON and Company. Every Evening at 7.15, A HUSBAND IN COTTON WOOL. At 8 a new Comedy, in three acts, by Meilhac and Halévy, adapted by Charles Wyndham, and entitled THE IDOL; supported by Messrs. Lionel Brough, J. G. Grahame, Carlton, Alfred Bishop, Danvers, and Harry Paulson; Mesdames Eastlake, Edith Blande, Wyndham, Denman, D'Aguilar, and Rose Cullen. After which at 9.30 a new Burlesque Extravaganza, founded on "L'Etoile," by Reece and Farnie, entitled STARS and GARTERS. Supported by Miss Lydia Thompson, Misses Edith Blande, Rose Cullen, Annie Poole; Messrs. Lionel Brough, Geo. Giddens, Harry Paulton, &c. Acting Manager, Mr. J. C. Scanlan.

OPERA COMIQUE.—

Manager, Mr. R. D'Oyley Carte. Every Evening, at 8.30, H.M.S. PINAFORE; or, The Lass That Loved a Sailor; an original nautical Comic Opera (written expressly for the Comedy Opera Company) by W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan. Mesdames Alice Burville, Everard, Emily Cross, Jessie Bond; Messrs. George Power, Temple, Barrington, Clifton, Dymott, and George Grossmith, jun. At 7.45, CUPS AND SAUCERS; a Satirical Musical Sketch, written and composed by George Grossmith, jun. At 10.30, Mr. George Grossmith in his Entertainment, FIVE HAMLETS.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—1194th

Night of OUR BOYS. Every Evening, at 7.30, A WHIRLIGIG; at 8, the most successful comedy, OUR BOYS, written by H. J. Byron (1194th and following nights). Concluding with A FEARFUL FOG. Supported by Messrs. Flockton, Kyrle, Garthorne, Naylor, Bradbury, Austin, and Righton; Mesdames Illington, Bishop, Holme, Richards, Larkin, &c. Free list suspended. Acting-Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.—GENEVIEVE

DE BRABANT.—Opera Bouffe, by Offenbach and H. B. Farnie. Artists:—Mdlles. Emily Soldene, Clara Vesey, Constance Loseby; Messrs. Marshall, Bury, Rae, A. Cooke, &c. Albery's Grand Ballet, THE GOLDEN WREATH. Mdlles. Theodore, Gillett, Pertoldi, and Corps de Ballet. Commence at Eight o'clock. Every Evening.

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Sole Proprietor, Mr. George Conquest. Re-appearance of Mr. Conquest (after his severe illness) in his great character of Holey Snayle, in the drama of SENTENCED TO DEATH. Messrs. James Sennett, Syms, Nichols, Vincent; Mesdames Verner, Victor, Denvil. To conclude with the successful drama of THE GREEN LANES OF ENGLAND. Messrs. James, Sennett, Syms, Nichols; Mesdames Verner, Victor, Denvil, Read, and Miss Ada Morgan. On Wednesday, to conclude with THE OCTOROON. Supported by the entire company.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, Hoxton.—Sole Pro-

prietress, Mrs. S. Lane.—Every Evening (Wednesday excepted) at 6.45, WOMAN. Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Rhyodes, Drayton, Charlton, Lewis; Mdlles. Adams, Bellair, Mrs. Newham, and Miss Marie Henderson. Followed (every evening) by Teddy Mosedale (comic vocalist), Sisters Weston (duettists), Almonte (troupe of Acrobats). To conclude (Wednesday excepted) with JACK AND JACK'S BROTHER. Messrs. J. B. Howe, Bigwood, Keeve, Towers, Pitt, Hyde; Mdlles. Brewer, Summers, Rayner. Wednesday the Benefit of Messrs. Crauford and re-appearance of Mrs. S. Lane.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—Week ending Saturday,

October 5th. Monday, September 30th.—Great Circus, Fritz Renhard, Hanlon Voltas. Tuesday, October 1st.—Play, LOVE WINS, Mr. Charles Collette. Great Circus, Fritz Renhard, Hanlon Voltas. Wednesday, October 2nd.—Lecture on Cyprus, by Mr. Archibald Forbes. Great Circus, Fritz Renhard, Hanlon Voltas. Thursday, October 3rd.—Great Firework Display by Messrs. C. T. Brock and Co. Play, CRIIIC, Mr. Charles Collette. Great Circus, Band of Scots Guards, Fritz Renhard, Hanlon Voltas. Friday, October 4th.—Great Circus, Fritz Renhard, Hanlon Voltas. Saturday, October 5th.—First Saturday Concert of New Series; Vocalist: Miss Emma Thursby, Pianist: M. Brassin. Monday to Friday, Admission to Palace, One Shilling each day; Saturday, Half-a-Crown, or by Season Ticket.

ROYAL AQUARIUM,

WESTMINSTER. The Royal Aquarium, for variety, novelty, and excellence of its entertainments, will this year surpass all other rival establishments. Doors will open at 11. Admission One Shilling. 11 till 1 o'clock and throughout the day. Mr. Stokes, in his Lecture on "Memory"; C. Naud's Gallery of Drawing; the Royal Punch and Judy, Cosmorama View, the Performing Fleas. The Aquarium (finest in the world). War Sketches of the "Illustrated London News." The Articulating Telephone and Microphone. 2.30. Theatre, UNCLE TOM'S CABIN. Reduced prices from Building as usual. 3.15. Special Variety Entertainment in Great Hall. 5.30. Zazel the marvellous. 7.45. Vocal and Instrumental Concert. 8.0. Second Great Variety Entertainment in the Hall. 10.30. Zazel's second performance. Canfield and Booker, Poole, Zanlo and Poole, Professor Wheeler's prismatic fountains; Harry Paul's Comic Ballet Troupe; D'Augwau, Levantine, Rohmaz Trio; O'Torra, surprising ascent and descent from roof to floor. The most extraordinary combination of talent ever appearing before the public in one day. THE MERMAID, MANATEE.—The Glasgow News says:—"So rare is this animal that but on one previous occasion has a specimen been introduced into Britain. That one was imported at immense cost by the Zoological Society of London; but unfortunately it died within two or three days after its arrival. Mr. John T. Carrington, the naturalist to the Royal Aquarium Society of London, was in attendance yesterday to meet the s.s. Blenheim, and immediately took charge of this interesting stranger. He informs us that he has every reason to believe the animal will live and thrive for a sufficient time at least for scientific observation, although all its new surroundings will be so unlike those of its tropical home."—ROYAL AQUARIUM.

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TAINMENT will RE-OPEN next MONDAY, at 8. DOUBLE-DAY'S WILL, by F. C. Burnand, music by King Hall, in which Mrs. German Reed, Miss Fanny Holland, Miss Marion Dale, Mr. Corney Grain, Messrs. Arthur Law and Alfred Reed will appear; after which, THE PARIS EXHIBITION, by Mr. Corney Grain, and AN ARTIFUL AUTOMATON. Every Evening (except Thursday and Saturday) at 8. Every Thursday and Saturday Morning, at 3. Admission, 1s., 2s., 3s., and 5s., ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham place.

SURREY BICYCLE CLUB AUTUMN RACE

MEETING. BICYCLE RACES at KENNINGTON OVAL, on SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28th, 1878, commencing punctually at 3 o'clock. Programme.—1. TWO MILES HANDICAP; Open. (Several Preliminary Heats). 2. TEN MILES SCRATCH RACE; Open. 3. FIVE MILES HANDICAP; Club; "The Warehouse Challenge Cup." An efficient Band. Admission, 1s.; Reserved Seats, 1s. 6d.; Carriages, 5s. Tickets purchased before the day can be obtained at the following reduced prices:—The 1s. Tickets at 6d., and the Reserved Seat Tickets at 1s. each. To be obtained of the Hon. Sec. Mr. T. C. Bupp, 2, the Terrace, Barnes, from whom full particulars can be obtained. Tram Cars and Omnibuses pass near the entrance every few minutes, and Vauxhall Station L. and S. W. Rail is five minutes' walk from the entrance.

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CONTENTS.

PAGE.	PAGE.
Circular Notes	27
Famous Dramatists	46
Our Captious Critic	42
Prices at Middle Park	42
Cub Hunting	43
How Wild Fowl come to Market	43
Treatment of Horses in Autumn	38
A Word for Father Thames	32
Swimming.—A Good Example	32
Our Illustrations.....	30
Musical Notes of the Week	30
The Week's Theatrical Notes.....	31
Crickets, Aquatics, Athletics, &c.	34
Turkana	34
Sport and Drama in America	28
Chess	46
Correspondence	38
Answers to Correspondents.....	42
Past Racing	34

Next week's issue of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS will contain a portrait of Miss Agnes Leonard—Count Braniskis—Arab Stallion "Jung Bahadoor"—"Blotod," by J. Sturgess. Humours of the Past Month—A Novel Swimming Match—Famous Hostelties—Mr. Hermann Vezin as "Pierre" in *Proof*, a Double Page Drawing, by Matt. Stretch—An Alsatian Bride—Pheasant-shooting—Skeddaddle—A Rabbit-shooting Sketch, by R. H. Moo-e—Cricket in Ceylon—Portrait of Mr. F. H. Macklin, etc.

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The Letterpress descriptive of the illustrations in our present number will be found on page 30.

THE ILLUSTRATED

Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER, 28, 1878.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

"It is because I believe in spiritualism that they want to make me out to be mad," exclaimed Mrs. Georgina Weldon indignantly during her cross-examination by Mr. Besley at the Central Criminal Court last week. I am not prepared to go quite so far as to assert that a belief in spiritualism is a proof of insanity, but still what can you think of people who, in the face of the most convincing evidence of trickery and fraud, still continue to have unshaken faith in the manifestations of mediums? Now there was a certain Williams in London, for some years, who was reputed to be an extraordinary medium. It was he who produced the startling and novel manifestation known as the materialisation of the spirit of John King, and who more recently, with his confederate Herne, triumphantly laid the "interlocked rings" before his amazed and credulous patrons as proof positive of his supernatural powers.

AFTER the exposure of Dr. Slade, Williams migrated, for reasons best known to himself, to the Hague. For some time he duped the Dutchmen, hitherto accustomed to materialised spirits only in the form of schnaps and schiedam. At last they suspected him, and they determined to subject him to a searching test.

THIS is what they did:—"After he had gone into the dark cabinet to send John King out to the assembled believers in his magic, a descent was made upon him and his confederate. There was a free fight. The mediums nearly succeeded in getting off; but though they got away from the room they found the front door locked, and were brought back ignominiously to undergo the operation of searching, a process which revealed that they had upon them all the materials for materialising. There were well-worn false beards, handkerchiefs of soiled muslin, bottles of phosphoric oil (by which the 'luminosities' of the seance were produced), a turban, a bottle of scent for the rain of scent, and finally the materials for the slate trick. The last were minute pieces of slate pencil, so cut as to fit into a flat thin fishbone, which could be easily introduced by a clever conjuror between the edges of a folded slate."

AND yet even now the followers of this impostor will not give up their faith in him. They say that everything can be satisfactorily explained—to spiritualists. I have myself twice attended seances of this man Williams, and on each occasion he took it into his head to suspect me and denounce me as an unbeliever. I owned the soft impeachment, and he at once declared the seance ended. Confiding and innocent spirits would not trust themselves in my infidel presence. "John King" accused me of carrying matches, and refused to "materialise" himself. Not that he was afraid of being discovered to be a fraud—no! only because he was hurt at my brutal want of trust in his sincerity! The result of my experience, then is that I should be more satisfied of Mrs. Weldon's sanity were she not a believer in spiritualism.

It is a remarkable fact that passionately fond as both Scotchmen and Irishmen are of whisky they are ashamed to own it. I have known Scotchmen who would never produce the whisky bottle on the table, but when their own and their guests' tumblers were empty would retire with great

parade of secrecy to the cupboard, and behind the friendly covert of the door pour out fresh "snifters." Irishmen are equally sensitive on this point. For example, when it was good-humouredly suggested at a coroner's inquest in Dublin the other day that some excitement on the part of Mr. Callan, M.P., who was engaged in the case, might be the result of whisky, that distinguished legislator turned fiercely upon the author of the suggestion and exclaimed, "You are a damned liar and a low ruffian; and if it were anywhere else I would break your face." After this I shudder to think what would happen to the rash wight who should venture to insinuate that the "Major" ever indulged in potheen, or that any of his remarkable utterances were due to that stimulating influence!

MR. HENRY BENSON, the eminent turf-swindler, seems peculiarly unfortunate in his efforts at self-cremation. He has tried for the second time to reduce himself to a cinder, but in vain. Possibly he wishes himself to supply the ashes of his penitence—the prison authorities having already supplied the sackcloth. In any case his conduct is a curious contradiction of the old proverb that "A burnt child dreads the fire."

MISS ADA CAVENDISH was, I learn from an American contemporary, entertained on her arrival in New York at "High Tea" in the Broadway Theatre, which was set for the occasion as a drawing-room. "Miss Cavendish," continues my informant, "arrayed in white, carrying a bouquet, and wearing a 'beefeater's' hat, received a host of ladies and gentlemen, representing her own profession, the sister arts, clubrooms, and society. There was no tea, but there was champagne—its natural predecessor." That last paragraph puzzles me. Why should an entertainment be called "High Tea" when tea is conspicuous by its absence? And why should champagne be called the "natural predecessor of tea"? Muffins, crumpets, even bread and butter and cake—these I am prepared to accept as "natural predecessors" of tea: but champagne!—what does it mean?

THE New York Herald, in a eulogistic notice of Miss Ada Cavendish's debut at the Broadway Theatre, New York, says, "She has a modulated voice with a strong English accent." It might not unreasonably be asked with what accent might an educated Englishwoman be expected to speak English if not with an English accent? Anyone, however, who has been in the States knows that educated Americans consider that the English language is only spoken in its purity by themselves. We can, of course, afford to smile at this harmless illusion so characteristic of Transatlantic vanity, but nevertheless I must admit that I have never heard the English language sound more charming than when it came from the lips of a pretty and cultivated American woman.

"GENTLEMEN," said the King of Holland, in a burst of vinous confidence the other day at a banquet, "in another six weeks you will see your Queen." The guests did not receive the announcement with any enthusiasm, for they knew that he alluded to the lovely young Princess of Waldeck-Pyrmont, who is but 19 years of age, whilst the King is 63, and—well, the less said about his character the better. This miserable union of January and May is regarded everywhere with disfavour. But the old *roué* is obstinate, and is bent on being married at the commencement of the new year. A significant indication of his determination is afforded by the return of Madame Emile Ambre, recently created by her royal lover Countess of Amroise, to the lyric stage. The "favourite" would hardly leave the palace for less cause than the arrival of a bride-queen, and there can be no doubt that she has signed an engagement with Mr. Mapleson to appear as *prima donna assoluta* at Her Majesty's next season.

PRINCIPAL SHAIRP, of St. Andrews, has been telling his fellow countrymen at Edinburgh some home truths about themselves which they do not seem to have relished overmuch. He was especially hard upon their manners. Scotchmen, as a rule, he declared, never said even to a friend a pleasant thing; but they were not at all amiss at saying an unpleasant thing, and they called it being "honest," "downright," the opposite being considered humbug and sycophancy. I am not disposed to question the correctness of the Principal's estimate of Scottish manners, but I think he does the canny Scot injustice when he suggests that he is incapable of sycophancy. He is, on the contrary, an adept at the art; and is not Sir Pertinax a monument for all time of successful and artistic "booin'?"

ONE so seldom comes across a story that is really new, that one is diffident about telling good stories lest they prove to be veterans. The following, however, is new to me, and may be so to many of my readers. It proves that the "honesty" and "downrightness" of the Scotch are quite consistent with a little occasional deception:—A minister in the south of Scotland had a parishioner, who, to show her affection for her pastor, sent him every morning by the hands of her daughter a couple of what she wished him to understand were new-laid eggs for breakfast. The eggs on being delivered were generally warm, as if just taken from the nest; but one morning the minister's maid on taking the eggs from the girl, observed: "I dar' say the eggs are no' warm the day, Jeannie; are they no fresh?" "Ou ay," said the girl, "they're quite fresh, but my mither couldna get the cat to sit on them this morning."

I HAVE noticed several times lately extracts from American papers in this and other journals relative to the growing mania for athletic sports among American ladies. Girl scullers have become quite a common feature at aquatic reunions in the States. And even at base-ball and lacrosse, there are not wanting maidens who make a very fair show beside the male champions of those sports. The native modesty of American women, however, has induced them to draw the line at swimming matches. I learn from the *New York Spirit of the Times*, that though "it had been extensively advertised that at

the Central Park Garden, September 5, thirty ladies would compete for a silver cup, and the baths were crowded with men attracted to this novel exhibition, all the adult competitors refused to appear. After long and earnest persuasion, six girls, ranging from twelve to eighteen years, consented to perform, and gave an exhibition of swimming and diving." I think the refusal of the adult competitors does them credit. The swimming matches in which girls have taken part in this country have not to my mind been at all creditable or respectable performances, and unless they are more decently and decorously conducted I hope we shall see no more of them.

A CONVERTED Yorkshire toper was the other day retailing to an attentive Band of Hope Meeting his own blessed experiences, and the wonderful change which teetotalism had worked in him. By way of vivid contrast between his past and present life, he drew two pictures of his Christmas experiences:—"I wakken'd 'boot foive 'clack in t'mornin', an', thinks Oi, it's Christmas mornin', praise th' Lord, an' Oi thoat Oi'd knaack oop ma neebor Jack, an' Oi knaacked at th' wal an' shouted, 'Jack, lad, it's Christmas mornin', praise th' Lord,' and Jack praised th' Lord. Oh, when aw think what aw was doin' this time Christmas twelve months. Whoy, aw wur sitting cockstraddle atop oor hoose wi' a bottle a' gin under ma' arm, singin' 'Christians awake.'"

I NOTED last week some strong remarks from an American journal on English battues. But if our cousins were to look at home they would find that some of their own so-called sportsmen are worse than any gun-butchers of ours. Read the following, for example, from the *Hiawatha Kansas Herald*:—"Mr. Aaron Kramer informs us that General Stone, in company with sportsmen from Atchison and other places, recently killed over three hundred prairie chickens in the northern part of this county, leaving nearly all the birds where they fell. We term that kind of sport cruel, useless, and flagrantly unjust. Farmers should advertise their farms as not subject to such work, and trespassers made to pay a fine." There is an old proverb, anent the mote and the beam, which our American contemporaries may perhaps remember. *Verb. sap.* ROUND ROBIN.

SALE OF THE BELHUS HUNTERS.

ON Thursday week Sir Thomas Lennard held his fourth sale of hunters at Belhus. The attendance was good, there being several foreign buyers present, and the prices realised were, considering the hardness of the times, good; though it may be doubted whether they were quite remunerative to Sir Thomas Lennard. Thirty-six lots fetched an average of £143 6s. 8d. The blood stock did not find many buyers. On the whole we cannot think that Sir Thomas Lennard will be disheartened by the result of his last sale, for even if he may not have made the profit he deserved, he has at any rate sustained with credit, if not with brilliancy, his reputation as a sound and trustworthy judge of hunters. We subjoin a list of the prices made:—

Villager, b g (Mr Joule)	85.	Nancy Lee, br m (Mr White)	65.
Replevin, b g, by Will Scarlett (Mr Hayward)	80	Leinster, gr g (Mr F. Power)	100
Melissa, ch m (Mr Hartley)	90	Columbia, gr m, by Valturino (Mr F. Power)	150
Zazel, ch m (Mr. Lambard)	130	Carlow, gr g (Mr White)	220
Olivia, ch m (Mr. Wormald)	210	Basing, gr g (Lord Craven)	170
Salins, ch g (Mr. Joule)	210	Clare, gr g (Mr Morgan)	105
Nicosia, ch m by Baron Cavendish (Mr. Singleton)	310	Charon, gr g (Capt Graham)	100
Lesbia, ch m (Mr. Shaw)	202	Index, br g, by Deerfoot—Queen of Diamonds (Mr Petherick)	110
Sir Walter, b g (Mr. Waring)	240	Bianconi, gr g (Lord Craven)	220
Hawthorn, bk g, 4 yrs, by John Davis (Lord Craven)	150	Dunleer, b g, by Master Bagot (Capt Miller)	105
Warwick, b g by Neville (Mr. Williams)	180	Cognovit, ch g (Mr Ccoper)	75
Ballintoppin, b g (Mr. Dykes)	150	Elaine, by Lohario (Mr Hartley)	120
Ringleader, ch g (Mr. Santy)	110	Shamrock, ch g (Mr Wormald)	150
Mantrap, ch g, by Gin (Mr. Singleton)	150	Fermoy, br g (Mr Melville)	110
Glendalough, bk g, by Blarney (Mr. Johnson)	120	The Black Pearl, bk m (Major Hutton)	110
Tralee, bk g (Mr. Forster)	105	Flirt, b m pony bred in America by Roable	60
Congress, gr g (Mr Wilder)	200	Duodecimo, ch g pony (Mr F. Power)	55
Orangemen, br g (Capt Lovell)	75		
Sunburst, ch g (Capt O'Shea)	115		
		Total	5,160

BLOOD STOCK.

Brown Yearling Filly, dy Rosicrucian out of Erolite, by Thunderbolt (Capt O'Shea)	100
Chestnut Yearling Filly, by Scottish Chief out of Annette, by Scythian (Mr Shaw)	150
Bay Yearling Filly, by Prince Charlie out of Mainhatch, by Mainstone (Mr Shaw)	100

MR. SYDNEY M. SAMUEL is writing an English version of the romantic opera, *Piccolino*, libretto by MM. Victorien Sardou and Nuyttier, music by Edmond Guiraud, for production by Mr. Carl Rosa's Company of Her Majesty's Opera in February next.

THE London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* writes:—"Who would have thought that Sir Stafford Northcote was an actor outside the House of Commons? It does not seem to be generally known that so quiet a man in public life is in private capable of taking a leading part among amateur theatricals. I am told that in a short time, probably next publishing season, there will appear a selection from the dramas with which he has already delighted many juvenile circles.

THE *Era* states that two young ladies belonging to the convent in Limerick, having occasion to go to Dublin, the Bishop of Limerick, being anxious that they should not travel alone, sent a note to the hotel at which the *Caste* Company was staying, with a request that they might be allowed to travel to Dublin under that company's *chaperonage*. The novel request was gladly acceded to.

A NEW school of science and art was opened on Saturday afternoon at Falkirk by the Earl of Rosebery, who delivered an address upon the civilising influence of industrial art. His lordship said he should like to see every large town with its public library and museum as valuable aids to education.

MEXICO has been honoured by an opera from the pen of the eminent author of "Aida." Verdi has completed his new five act opera entitled "Montezuma," which is to be first produced in Milan. Whether the author has taken advantage of the abundant opportunities to introduce so much of the knowledge of the habits and costumes of this race of kings as the rapacity and cruelty of the Spaniards permitted to descend to this generation is not known. What scope might have been found, for instance, in a ballet called "The Moon Dance of the Aztecs." The dresses of the Aztec maidens need not be made at Worth's or anywhere else to speak of. Whether, in this respect, Signor Verdi's suppositious dancers have any advantage over the original is a grave question. By the way, the proper spelling of the late King's name is "Montezuma."

SPORT AND THE DRAMA IN AMERICA.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

New York, September 13th.

BUSINESS is wretchedly bad at the Union Square, and Miss Davenport finds herself with a play for which she paid a large price, and which is of no earthly use to her as a drawing card. *Mother and Son*, translated by A. R. Caizuran, will be the opening feature of the regular season.

Denman Thompson, with his bucolic comedy of *Joshua Whitcomb*, opened at the Lyceum on Monday last. So far it has not done well, but it is one of those fresh, rural pictures, full of well-drawn characters, that will undoubtedly attract better audiences in a fortnight than it is doing at present.

At the Park Theatre two of Bronson Howard's pieces constituted the bill for the opening of the season. The first is a very pretty little dual comedy, entitled *Old Love Letters*. It is neatness itself, and the terse, chaste language and thorough air of refined humour that pervades it would never have suggested the author of *Hurricanes* as its creator. *Hurricanes* is a busy, bustling, vulgar farce of the type of *The Pink Dominoes*. Its painful attempts at wit are forced, and every scene has been apparently cut to measure by the aid of a yardstick. It is strained, mechanical, and devoid of any originality whatever. It is a patchwork edition of all the four-roomed comedies and closet farces we have had pressed on us lately, and has failed to draw. The author of *Saratoga*, which has been reproduced in England under the title of *Brighton*, has no cause to feel any pride at his last production.

A middle-aged female with a peculiarly disagreeable voice, and attired in a series of gorgeous costumes, was what the people who went to Booth's Theatre to see the play of *Jane Shore* beheld. The puffing policy of Jarrett and Palmer had ruined the chances of success for Genevieve Ward weeks before she appeared. The lady does not possess a single qualification for the part. In what her *forte* may lie it would be difficult to say, and in view of the fact that she may not succeed histrionically, it is an interesting conjecture as to what other branch of life she will aspire to. She has tried opera, poetry, and the drama. She unequivocally failed in the two former, and if her *Jane Shore* be any criterion of her chances for success in the latter, she will need to commence something else soon. *Henry VIII.* is promised shortly, with Miss Ward as Katharine.

Mary Anderson opened the season at the Fifth Avenue Theatre



ART AND NATURE.

in *Ingomar*, and since then has appeared as Julia. Business has been dire, and will continue to be as long as Fiske has anything to do with the theatre. The house from its location can only expect a first-class *clientèle*, and Fiske ran it too far down in the social scale last season for it ever to recover as long as he has any connection whatever with it. Miss Anderson is a tall, awkward young lady of nineteen or twenty years of age, who is possessed of a certain amount of crude talent and a very terrible wardrobe. She, last season, drew very fair houses because of her freshness. She returns this season, and claims to be a much superior actress—not because of hard study, which Heaven knows she needs badly enough—but because she has been to Europe (for six weeks), and received inspiration at the tomb of Shakspeare, and not only saw Sara Bernhardt play once, but called on her the next day, and had a conversation with her! I am in sober

earnest when I tell you this, and it is no wonder that the public stay away when such "rot" is thrust upon them by the newspapers as a reason why they should patronize Miss Anderson.

Wallack's Theatre opened on the 10th with a Boucicaltian version of *Clarissa Harlowe*, which I have only space in this letter to say was a complete failure.

Miss, a dramatisation of Bret Harte's story of that name, was to have been produced at the Grand Opera House on the 9th inst., but an injunction was served upon the managers by the owner of the version, and *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was execrably played instead.

Mr. Will E. Chapman has written a comedy entitled *The New Detective*, with a phonograph effect, in which he will star through the country during the coming season. It will be a decided novelty, and is likely to prove a great success.

Miss Ada Cavendish opened the season at the Broadway Theatre on the 9th inst. in *Mercy Merrick*, and I am pleased to say made a positive and decided success. That Miss Cavendish was successful under the circumstances redounds most strongly to her credit. This theatre has always been a theatrical graveyard. Last season Mrs. Bowers, Clara Morris, and Charles Fechter—all prime favourites—played to disastrous business in it. The theatre is now managed by Messrs. Fulton and Edgar, two gentlemen who are totally unfitted for the position they aspire to. The theatre, so far from being refitted, was opened with the dust of last season unremoved, and the company selected to support Miss Cavendish is one of the vilest that ever stepped upon a metropolitan stage. Under these circumstances it is to be wondered that Miss Cavendish was enabled to make the success which I am happy to record.

Thinking it may be interesting to the many friends of Miss Cavendish in London, I called upon the lady this morning, and indulged in the American habit of "interviewing" her, with the following result:

After introducing myself I said, "I suppose, Miss Cavendish, that I should first of all inquire how you like New York."

MISS CAVENDISH.—I am very much pleased with New York, although I feel very homesick.

CORRESPONDENT.—How do you like your reception by the public?

MISS C.—I am delighted with it. It is much more warm and enthusiastic than I had expected it would be. The audiences

here are much more demonstrative than in England, and they seem to have more warmth of manner.

COR.—How has your acting of Mercy Merrick been received—I mean as regards the points—as compared with England?

MISS C.—Well, some of the points do not appear to be as well received here as there, while, on the other hand, many points which are unnoticed there meet with a cordial recognition here. The first act, for instance, goes tamer here, but in the second and third acts I have never before seen such spontaneous and enthusiastic expressions of approbation as I have witnessed here.

COR.—Do you find your audiences here as sympathetic as in England?

MISS C.—Much more so. I feel that they are with me, and are interested in all my scenes.

COR.—Have your surroundings been such as you would have selected for an opening?

MISS C.—No, no. Everything is wrong. The house, I understand, is in bad odour, and the scenery, and in fact everything about me, could not be much worse.

COR.—Do you include your support in this category?

MISS C.—How can I help it? There are one or two good people among them, but some of them are really dreadful to try to act with.

COR.—Where do you go to from New York?



"THE POEM."

MISS C.—Ah, that is my trouble at present. My tour was arranged for me by Mr. Horace Wall—an American dramatic agent—and he has done it in a shameful way. Everybody who knows anything about it tells me that nothing could have been worse. Why, I only play two weeks in New York, in a bad theatre, and then I am sent to Canada for a week; then I have to play in a lot of small towns for one night and two nights each, then to Philadelphia for one week, and after to San Francisco, and then am sent to another lot of wretched, unimportant little towns for five weeks. I feel very much disheartened at the prospect before me, but I will try to keep the contracts made for me by him, and rely on some future season, when I shall be managed

differently, to make the money that I am afraid it will be impossible for me to make this season.

COR.—Have you noticed in any way, from either press or public, any prejudice against you on account of your being an English artist?

MISS C.—Not in the slightest degree. I have received the greatest kindness from everyone, and my business manager, Mr. Sutherland, tells me that even before my arrival he also received from the gentlemen of the press every suggestion that kindness could make, and they now only regret that my stay in New York has been made so short, and that through mismanagement my

success here will not be of the value to me in the provinces that it would otherwise have been.

COR.—Is there anything that you would like to say through the columns of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS to your friends in England?

MISS C.—Tell them I will see them all again, if I am not killed by the awful travelling I shall have to do this winter.

COR.—From the appearance of the room, I should say they were trying in New York to smother you with flowers. Good morning.

Somewhere in the Strand, in London, is the firm of French and Son, where may be found French *père*, while in Union-

square, New York, the branch of the London house is represented by French *filles*—"Young French" as he is called in New York. "Young French" is of medium height, weighs about twelve stone, and with his glasses on looks quite a formidable personage. "Young French's" business in this country is to dispose of to greenhorns and fledgling stars such plays as French *père* can by hook or crook get hold of in Europe. In this laudable pursuit "Young French" finds occasional trouble, and frequent law-suits have been his lot since his arrival in America. One day last week "Young French" met a party by the name of Meade, a small dapper-looking individual, of about ten stone weight, who is always on the look-out for a speculation. "Young French" accused Meade of endeavouring to produce a play that had cost French *père* many weary words of entreaty to get hold of. To which little Meade said, "You are a liar!" and then went away. The next day some one told Meade that "Young French" had denied the fact of his being called a liar, because in America no man calls another a liar until he has made his will, and bid his friends a long farewell. So little Meade bided his time, and when he saw "Young French" meet a party of gentlemen, and with that crocodilian smile for which he is noted, join in the conversation, he went up to him and said, "You said I wouldn't dare to call you a liar. Now look o' here, I say you are a——liar and a——liar, and," &c., &c. And "Young French" endeavoured to secrete himself behind Leonard Grover, a fat bankrupt manager. "Take your hands out of your pocket, don't you draw any pistol here, or I'll knock your head off." And "Young French" meekly took his hand out of his pocket; and begged the protection of the gentlemen present from this sanguinary little creature who seemed panting for his gore.

WILLEC.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MADAME TREBELLI.

THE distinguished vocalist whose portrait we have the pleasure of publishing this week has long enjoyed unbounded popularity amongst English musicians and amateurs. She was born at Paris, and her musical education commenced at an early age. It was originally intended that she should be a pianiste, and it was by mere chance that she was led to become a vocalist. One morning, while sitting alone in the music room of M. Wartel, the celebrated Parisian singing master—teacher of Christine Nilsson, and other famous artists—she amused herself by singing some airs which she had learned while playing the pianoforte accompaniments. She was overheard by Wartel, who made her sing a scale, and then said to her, "You have no voice at present—but if you will work hard, under my instructions, I will make a voice for you." He kept his word, and it was in a comparatively short space of time that the young student's voice was "made," and she astonished and delighted the musical world by the pure and silvery quality of vocal tone with which she executed the most difficult florid music. She was soon engaged as prima donna contralto at Her Majesty's Opera, London, where she has occupied so prominent a position ever since, that her career is familiar to the public. Most of her life since she became an operatic artist has been spent in this country. On the provincial tours of Her Majesty's Opera Company she has been a conspicuous "star," and has gained thousands of admirers in every part of the United Kingdom. At many of our provincial musical festivals she has been a leading attraction, and she has on several occasions been the first interpreter of contralto parts in important musical works by English composers. Being an accomplished linguist, she sings with equal facility in French, English, and Italian. At St. Petersburg, Berlin, Vienna, and other Continental cities she is as popular as in England, and three years back she made a professional tour, which partook of the character of a triumphal procession, through Sweden and Norway, in which countries she became so popular that when she paid them a second visit in the following year the ordinary concert rooms were too small to hold the applicants for tickets, and many of her concerts were given in churches!

Madame Trebelli's voice may properly be designated as a mezzo-soprano, but she sings with ease the lowest notes of the contralto register. The quality of tone which she produces is remarkable for its purity and freshness; her intonation is absolutely faultless, and she is a mistress of vocalisation. As an actress she exercises a remarkable fascination over her audience, and is equally successful in comedy and tragedy. To mention the rôles in which she has been successful would be to enumerate all the leading contralto parts in the modern operatic repertory. It is hoped that at the opening of the ensuing season at Her Majesty's Opera she may undertake the rôle of Carmen in Bizet's opera of that name. The part was originally written for and "created" by a mezzo-soprano—Madame Galli Marié—and those who have had the pleasure of hearing the principal airs sung by Madame Trebelli in private musical circles anticipate that in *Carmen* she will make one of her greatest successes. One thing is certain: her vocal powers show no sign of deterioration. On the contrary, her voice seems to become more and more delightful every year. Her acting is as bright and life-like as ever, and whenever she comes up on the stage she seems to bring sunshine with her. That she may long continue to delight the world by the exercise of her brilliant talents must be the wish of all who can appreciate true art—to say nothing of those whose esteem for her is based on knowledge of her generosity of disposition and unfailing kindness of heart. Our portrait is engraved from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

IN WANT OF A JOB.

The profession of the gentleman here sketched by our artist is obvious enough. The word "Rats," uttered in a certain sharp tone familiar to all acquainted with the noble sport of ratting, would we fancy work as electrical an effect upon the expectant quadrupeds whose expressive looks our artist has happily caught, as upon the terrier in the now famous "Shamming Sick" and "Who Said Rats?" Small hope for the "vermin," whatever they be, that come within sight of the keen eyes of this group of "professionals," "in want of a job."

A PRETTY BRACE.

He would be a bigoted and ungallant sportsman indeed who hesitated as to the identity of the "pretty brace" depicted by our artist. There is at any rate no shadow of doubt in the eyes of the handsome young sportsman, who looks up admiringly at a "brace" upon which we will warrant he would never have the heart to draw a trigger.

HUMOURS OF THE STREETS.

Our artist's sketches graphically portray scenes with which even the most casual visitor to London must be familiar, and illustrate the favourite theory of the late Charles Dickens, that there is infinitely more humour in low life than in high life. Thackeray has shown us that Dickens was not altogether correct in this view, but at any rate there can be little doubt that the classes from which our artist has selected his studies offer more subjects for amusing caricature than any other.

RATTLING THE CUBS.

Our artist has here represented a scene familiar enough just now to enthusiastic votaries of the chase in every hunting shire. The entry of young hounds are having their first lesson in fox-hunting, and the fox-cubs are being taught the tactics of cunning flight, to which they will have to trust many a time as the regular season comes on if they wish to save their "brushes" and their lives. Particulars of cub-hunting as a branch of the chase will be found in an article on that subject on another page.

ART AND NATURE.

This is a supposed scene from the studio of one of our old Venetian painters, and a very pretty scene it is, in which Art and Nature combine to produce a particularly interesting result of which papa the patron, absorbed in his contemplation of the painter's canvas, is happily oblivious. The painter's accomplishments are hinted at in the guitar, time out of mind the lover's instrument; and the presence of the virgin's image, enshrined for worship, of course, indicates that the painter is a pious and good young man, in whom the lady may safely confide. At least we hope it does.

THE ADVENTURERS.

Our illustration represents a scene from the popular farce which forms an attractive item in the new programme of the Moore and Burgess Minstrels.

FAMOUS DRAMATISTS.

We this week continue our series of portraits of famous dramatists, with a sketch of Thomas Otway, from an old print of his period. Mr. Wall's sketch of his life will be found on page 46.

THE POEM.

In this cleverly-executed engraving our artist's story is eloquently and forcibly told. With equal charms for youth and age, the poet's work lends a new charm to the quiet twilight, and the soft voice of the fair reader, a charm with which all of us are evensouly familiar. And so we leave them reading their favourite poet, who, doubtless,

Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished.

SUNDAY EVENING IN ST. PETERSBURG.

The modern capital of Russia is one of the most remarkable in the world. Founded by Peter the Great, in 1702, amidst the marshes through which the river Neva discharges its waters into the sea, it has become one of the greatest and most magnificent cities of the world. Its public buildings will, for size and number, compare favourably with any in existence, and it has libraries and museums rich in the most varied and choice collections of art, literature, and science. Its theatres will vie for size and completeness with any we can show, and three—the Bolshoi, or Great Theatre, the Alexander Theatre, and the French Theatre—are governed and supported by the Government. Our artist's sketch gives the reader a view in the immediate vicinity of the Admiralty, one of the principal theatres, and the Imperial Winter Palace on the banks of the Great Neva. It was made on a Sunday, when the streets are full of idlers and pedestrians, and the tram-cars are inundated by crowds from the outskirts of the city.

THE MILITARY RIDING SCHOOL IN HANOVER.

THIS great equestrian school, of which we give a sketch this week, is divided into two departments—(1) The officers' riding school, for the purpose of training riding masters for the army. (2) The non-commissioned officers' school, for providing good and useful riders for the different regiments.

A director is appointed to each of these departments to superintend the instruction.

Each cavalry regiment in the German army, with the exception of those of Bavaria, provides every two years an officer for the first of these departments. Each officer has three horses in use, which he has to exercise daily. He has also to take lessons in fencing, gymnastics, and vaulting on horseback, and undergoes also theoretical training.

The jumping school is principally used for the purpose of teaching the horses to clear obstacles without their riders.

Very obstinate horses are taken with the halter attached to a long rope, and with their riders on their backs are broken in, with the further help of the whip. Hardmouthed horses are managed with an instrument called the Spanish jockey, as represented in our artist's drawing.

A CALIFORNIAN paper states that two days before his death at San Francisco, Mr. Montague, the well-known English actor, had his lungs examined by four famous doctors, who came to the unanimous conclusion that the lungs were not affected. Mr. Montague died two days after this reassuring statement, and then it was found that one lung was entirely gone and the other rapidly going!

A CASE of some interest to holders of music licences was heard at Leeds the other day. Joseph Bannister, the occupier of the Boy and Barrel Inn, Wood-street, Leeds, was summoned before Mr. Bruce, at the Town Hall, for having allowed music to be played in his house without having a license. The Town Clerk (Mr. G. W. Morrison) prosecuted, and Mr. Mellor, barrister, defended. Police-constable Abbot said that on five different evenings in August he visited the defendant's house, and on each occasion found a person—the same every time—playing a piano. The defendant did not hold a proper legal music license. Mr. Mellor contended that the mere playing of a piano in a public-house did not bring it within the meaning of the Act, and cited several similar cases in which convictions by magistrates had been quashed in the higher courts. Mr. Bruce said he was satisfied that only a casual offence had been committed, and that the police had not sufficiently made out the case. At the same time the defendant and publicans generally must understand that if they engaged a paid musician regularly that would come within the meaning of the Act.

HAVE IT IN YOUR HOUSES—LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE is most agreeable and efficacious in preventing and curing Fevers, Eruptive Complaints, and Inflammation. Use no substitute, for it is the only safe antidote, having peculiar and exclusive merits. It instantly relieves the most intense headache and thirst; and, if given with lime-juice syrup, is a specific in gout and rheumatism.—Sold by all Chemists, and the Maker, 113, Holborn-hill, London.—[ADVT.]

PERFECTION.—MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER is offered to the Public with full confidence in its merits. Testimonials of the most flattering character have been received from every part of the World. Over Forty Years the favourite and never failing Preparation to Restore Grey Hair to its Youthful Colour and Lustrous Beauty, requiring only a few applications to secure new and luxuriant growth. The soft and silky texture of healthy hair follows its use. That most objectionable and destructive element to the hair, called Dandruff, is quickly and permanently removed. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers.—[ADVT.]

CURES OF OLD STANDING ASTHMA, COLDS, &c., by DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.—From Mr. Robinson, Chemist, Trinity-street, Hull.—"In all affections of the Chest, old standing Asthma, and neglected Colds, they seem to act like a charm." Price 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d.

MUSIC.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

THE importance of the Saturday Concerts given at the Crystal Palace during the seven months from October to April it would be difficult to overrate. They are not merely a source of enjoyment to musical amateurs, but afford valuable instruction to professional musicians and students. At Leipzig and elsewhere on the Continent it may be possible to find orchestras as excellent as is that engaged at the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts, but nowhere else in any part of the world can the spectacle be shown of an institution which, during half the year, provides musical performances of the highest class, and presents a perpetual succession of interesting novelties, illustrative of all schools of music, combined with the masterpieces of classic composers. It would be superfluous to dilate on the merits of the Crystal Palace Saturday Concert band. It is known to be composed of a number of the best instrumentalists that London can furnish, and these gentlemen, from frequently playing together under the same conductor, have acquired a precision and unanimity of attack, and a consentaneousness of expression, which it would be impossible to surpass. Of the conductor, Mr. Augustus Manns, it is hardly necessary to say that he stands among the first of orchestral conductors, and has so completely gained the confidence of his musical forces that they respond to the slightest indication of his wishes. To many persons, the duties of an orchestral conductor may appear light. Apparently, he has but to beat common or triple time, and to convey, by pantomimic gestures, his wishes as to loud or soft playing. It is related of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, that he was quite bewildered by Costa's conducting. The poet was taken to the Italian Opera by some aristocratic friends, who were anxious to see what effect the singing of Grisi, Rubini, and Lablache would have on his impressionable mind. He paid earnest but silent attention to the performance, and, just before the second act of the opera concluded, Lady—rather impatiently asked him what he thought of the singing. "Aweel," was the reply, "the singing's aw verra guid, nae doot; but" (pointing to Costa) "wha's yon mon that keeps on fugging yonder?" To many amateurs a conductor's "fugling" is, no doubt, equally incomprehensible, but the duties of an orchestral conductor are onerous and laborious. Mr. Manns must examine a number of orchestral works before he makes his selection of those which he deems worthy of presentation at the Crystal Palace. This task done, he has to commence a long and anxious study of every work, in order that he may grasp the composer's meaning, and thus be enabled to ensure a sympathetic interpretation. He has also to make himself completely familiar with the orchestral score, and to ascertain what are the sources of effect on which the composer has relied. When all this has been done, the orchestral rehearsal follows, and the conductor, having made himself master of the score, not only beats time and indicates the required amount of power or softness of tone, but mutely calls on the different instrumentalists when their turns arrive. At the rehearsal it frequently happens that, owing to the errors of copyists, some of the band parts are wrong. It is the conductor's duty to detect these errors whenever they occur, and to have them corrected; and the quickness of ear displayed by skilled conductors under these circumstances is really marvellous. We may mention a recent instance. A well-known conductor and director of English opera not long since produced an English adaptation of an opera which had previously been performed at one of our Italian opera houses, under the direction of an Italian operatic conductor. The band parts which had been used by the latter were hired by the former, who—at the first rehearsal—stopped the band again and again before the rehearsal of the first act had been completed, and corrected the copyist's errors. It was discovered, on further examination, that there were over four hundred mistakes in the band parts; yet these band parts had been played from several times without correction—presumably because the Italian conductor was not gifted with so sensitive an ear as that of the musician who at once discovered the blunders. It will be seen, from this brief glance at the subject, that the duties of orchestral conductor, which have long and honestly been discharged by Mr. Manns, are by no means light or easy, and that on his efficiency and zeal depend the interests of the greatest musical institution in Europe. Musicians and amateurs will rejoice to see him again at his post.

The directors announce that the ensuing season will commence on Saturday, Oct. 5, and conclude on Saturday, May 10, with the usual Christmas interregnum from Dec. 21 to Feb. 1, inclusive. Referring with legitimate satisfaction to the history of twenty-two past seasons, they are justified in expressing their belief that there is little more for them to do beyond stating that in the selection of the programmes, and in the maintenance of the performances, they will be governed by the principles which have rendered the concerts so successful in former seasons, and have earned for them the admiration and attachment of a long series of subscribers. Each programme, in addition to orchestral compositions of acknowledged eminence and established reputation—the symphonies, overtures, and concertos of the recognised classics—will contain the less-known pieces of older writers for the orchestra, such as Handel and Bach, and of living composers whose works have not yet attained the universally-acknowledged eminence of their great predecessors in the art. Among the latter, care will be taken to include the productions of the native composers of the English school, and the contemporary representatives of music in France and Italy. The instrumental portions of Wagner's operas as arranged by him for the concert-room will receive due attention. The band and chorus will be maintained at their former pitch of efficiency, and no expense or pains spared to engage the best solo artists attainable, both vocal and instrumental. Beyond this general announcement of the principles which inspire the arrangements for the twenty-third series of Saturday Concerts, the directors do not think it necessary at present to make any statement. As an earnest, however, of the spirit in which their promises will be carried out, they give the first four programmes of the season in detail; and they further state that the fifth concert, on the 2nd November, will be a Mendelssohn Commemoration Concert, when a MS. symphony in F. minor for string orchestra (never before played) will form the leading feature of the programme, and the pianoforte concerto in G minor will be played by Mdlle. Janotha; also that Berlioz's grand descriptive symphony, "Harold en Italie" (not yet performed: these concerts), will be included in one of the concerts in November, the solo viola part being played by Herr Ludwig Straus, and that Beethoven's Choral Symphony will be performed on the 14th December.

We can only find space for the first of the four programmes already issued, but it is a fair sample of the rest, and illustrates the special value of the Crystal Palace Concerts in several ways; notably in the presentation of an important orchestral work, the new symphony by Brahms, which has never yet been heard in England. The programme includes:—1. Overture, *Iphigenie in Aulis* with Concert Coda, by Wagner (Glück); 2. Concert Scena, "Ma che via Fede" (Mozart), Miss Emma Thursby (her first appearance at these concerts); 3. Concerto for pianoforte and orchestra. No. 5, in E flat (Beethoven)—Pianoforte, M. Louis Brassin, professor of the pianoforte at the Conservatoire,

Brussels (his first appearance in England); 4. "The Bird Song" (Taubert), Miss Emma Thursby; 5. New Symphony, in D, Op. 73 (Brahms), first time of performance in England; 6. Aria, "Mio Caro Bene," *Rodolinda* (Handel), Miss Thursby; 7. Fantasia on Hungarian Melodies, for pianoforte and orchestra (Liszt), M. Louis Brassin; 8. Overture, "The Wood Nymphs" (W. S. Bennett). Here is the menu of a musical banquet, which may be enjoyed at the cost of one shilling! It can scarcely be doubted that the attractions so liberally provided will be as liberally patronised, and that the 23rd season of the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts will be crowned with success.

COVENT GARDEN CONCERTS.

TO-NIGHT the Promenade Concert Season at Covent Garden will close, and the fine band will be dispersed. The history of the season has been recorded in our columns, and affords many sources of gratification. It has been honorable to the liberal *entrepreneurs* Messrs. A. and S. Gatti who have spared neither pains nor expense to ensure creditable results, and who have, by legitimate means, achieved a success beyond all precedent: it has added to the already high renown of Mr. Arthur Sullivan, who has not only shown admirable taste and judgment in the arrangement of his programmes, but has proved to metropolitan musicians that he was fully entitled to the distinguished reputation which he had gained as orchestral conductor at Glasgow and elsewhere; it has also—for the first time in the history of Promenade Concerts—established the fact that the musical taste of the general public is more elevated than had been supposed. During the last five years we have stood almost alone in protesting against the fallacy that good music was 'caviare to the multitude,' and have contended that instead of pandering to appetites that were erroneously declared to be gross, it would be wiser to take account of the refining influences which have been at work in musical as in other matters during the last twenty years, and at least to try the experiment of inviting the public to first-class musical entertainments. That experiment has at last been made, and its successful results are on record. The key-note was struck in the startling announcement that on the eight Mondays comprised in the season the first eight of Beethoven's symphonies would be performed. Wisacres shook their heads doubtfully, and even musicians said that the innovation savoured more of valour than of discretion; but what was the result? The Monday Beethoven Concerts were among the most attractive of the series; lovers of music who had previously shunned Promenade Concerts found their way to Covent Garden on Monday nights, and Beethoven's glorious symphonies attracted audiences averaging between three and four thousand persons, who listened with reverent attention to masterpieces which to most of them were new revelations of that world of beauty created by the genius of the mighty master. The classical concerts given on Wednesday nights were worthy of their title. The odious system of "make believe" was abolished, and on every Wednesday night an entire symphony was given instead of the fragments which too often, in former seasons, tantalised and annoyed musicians, without satisfying the general public. At every concert sterling music predominated, and although in the second half of each there was some provision made for the lovers of dance music, this formed but a small proportion of the whole, and was relegated to the latter portion of the evening. Of the artists who have assisted at the concerts we may speak hereafter, but we may take this occasion to observe that in place of engaging a party of third-rate foreign vocalists, Messrs. Gatti, at considerable increase of expense, secured the services of almost all our principal English vocalists, and they have also given opportunities to rising artists, many of whom have made their mark. If the principles on which the Covent Garden Concerts have this season been conducted should be firmly adhered to henceforth, Messrs. Gatti's Promenade Concerts will become rooted in public favour, as an institution in which not only sources of enjoyment, but the claims of art are recognised.

The announcement that Messrs. A. and S. Gatti will take their annual benefit on Monday next will probably be hailed by thousands of amateurs as affording an opportunity of giving to those excellent *entrepreneurs* a signal mark of public esteem. With the artistic spirit for which they are distinguished, they announce that on this occasion the "Choral" Symphony (the ninth and last of the Beethoven series) will be performed—of course with a sufficient chorus. The sneers and snarls of petty and malignant critics are thus rebuked. It was obviously impracticable to give more than eight symphonies on the eight Mondays of the season, and Messrs. Gatti might well have been content to point out this arithmetical fact; but by the happy expedient of executing the "Choral" Symphony at the extra Monday performance, they give completeness to their art-scheme, so far as Beethoven is concerned, and although their doing so must involve a considerable pecuniary sacrifice, they will gain increased esteem and confidence from the musical public. Several artists who would gladly have assisted at Messrs. Gatti's benefit are deprived of the pleasure by previous engagements, but the *beneficiaries* will be aided by a long array of popular favourites, and the concert is in all respects so attractive that Covent Garden Theatre will probably prove insufficiently capacious to accommodate all applicants for admission.

The Leeds Festival concerts given last week for the benefit of the local medical charities were in every way successful. At the Friday concert Rossini's *Stabat Mater* was performed, and on Saturday a copious selection from Handel's *Judas Maccabaeus*, and the second part of each concert was composed of miscellaneous selections. An orchestra and chorus of 300 performers, with Mr. Carrodus as leader, was conducted by Dr. Spark, and the great organ was in the able hands of Mr. J. K. Pyne. The principal vocalists were Madames Rose Hersee and Enriquez, Mr. Barton McGuckin (*vice* Mr. Vernon Rigby, indisposed), and Signor Federici. The Leeds papers speak highly of the performances, and Dr. Spark's conducting has been warmly eulogised.

The Blackheath Orchestral Society, one of the most important among our suburban musical institutions, will this season commence its operations under favourable auspices. Mr. Alfred Burnett (leader of the Covent Garden Concerts) has hitherto been the sole conductor, but owing to his engagement as leader of the Glasgow Orchestral Concerts, he will be assisted by Mr. Blunden, the able organist of St. Mark's Church, Eastdown Park, who will bring with him his large and well-trained choir; so that the Blackheath Orchestral Society will henceforth be enabled to undertake the performance of choral as well as of orchestral works. At the opening concert, Monday, November 4th, the principal vocalists will be Madame Rose Hersee and Mr. Walter Clifford, and Mr. Alfred Burnett will conduct. At the December concert the conductor will be Mr. Blunden.

Mr. Riviere's series of promenade concerts at Covent Garden Theatre will commence on Saturday next. Choral music will be a novel and interesting feature in the programmes of these concerts, and Mr. Riviere has provided other attractive novelties.

Mdlle. Smeroschi, of the Royal Italian Opera, changed her name last Saturday week, and is now Signora Carbone. The news reached us on a wedding-card, which we transcribe for the benefit of our readers:—"Il Signor Carbone partecipa alla S.V.

il suo matrimonio colla Signorina Carolina Smerosky (*sic*) avvenuto il giorno 14 Settembre 18-8 in Milano." The lucky bridegroom, Signor Carbone, a young Italian barytone, made a favourable impression at the Royal Italian Opera last season. The fair bride has many friends and admirers in England, and they will join in wishing prosperity to the happy pair.

At the Alexandra Palace, this evening, *Martina* will be repeated (by desire), with Madame Rose Hersee, Miss Lucy Franklin, Mr. J. W. Turner, and Mr. Ludwig in the chief characters. On Saturday next *The Crown Diamonds* will be produced, with Madame Blanche Cole as Catarina.

THE DRAMA.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

THE revival of *The Two Orphans* at this theatre seems a wise step, if we may judge from the applause bestowed upon it by a crowded audience at the first performance on Monday night. It is late in the day to comment on the construction of so well-known a play; but in our opinion the action is needlessly spun out, and several scenes should be at once curtailed. The lateness of the hour at which the performance concluded—twenty minutes past twelve—will bear us out in our remarks. The piece was beautifully dressed and the scenery excellent, one scene in particular—the garden of the Pavilion du Bel-Air. This was splendid, and the grouping of the characters was undoubtedly effective. Several names which appeared in the original bill, notably those of Messrs. Neville and Rignold, Miss Ernstone and Mrs. Huntley, are retained for the revival. Mr. Neville, as Pierre, speedily engaged the sympathy of the audience for the poor soft-spoken, kind-hearted cripple; he played with all his old delicacy and finish; while none could avoid being amused at the devil-may-care monster, Jacques, as ably portrayed by Mr. Rignold. Mr. Vollaie as the Doctor, was sympathetic; while, as Picard, Mr. Procter played with great success. Miss Ernstone, as Henriette, displayed great emotional power, her acting when she discovers her blind sister in La Frochard's hovel being exceptionally good. Mrs. Huntley gave her inimitable performance of the hag, La Frochard, with great force, earning a cordial but complimentary hiss from the gallery. Mr. F. Archer was the Count de Linière, cool, calm, and calculating. Mr. Macklin, as Armand, was De Linière's antipodes, and both are very good performances. Mr. Rosier did all that was required of him as De Prises, and Mr. H. B. Tree walked and talked—in imitation of Mr. Irving—with considerable effect. Miss Williams and Miss Coote, as Marianne and Florette, were satisfactory; while Miss Helen Barry, as the Countess de Linière, took the opportunity to exhibit her commanding presence in some magnificent dresses. The Louise of Miss Marion Terry was most natural, the poor blind girl being depicted to the life. Hard indeed are the hearts that were not touched by Miss Terry's pathetic rendering of this most difficult character. Miss Terry and Mr. Neville deserve a special word of commendation for the scenes they played together. Calls were frequent; and when the piece is compressed into reasonable limits, we have no doubt it will obtain the success it so richly merits.

FOLLY THEATRE.

Neither the new comedy, *The Idol*, nor the new burlesque, *Stars and Garters*, produced at this favourite little theatre on Saturday night last, is likely to prove a permanent attraction, though it is possible that in the hands of such talented artists as Miss Lydia Thompson, Mr. Lionel Brough, Mr. Henry Paulton, and Mr. Alfred Bishop, the latter may yet be worked up into a sufficiently droll exhiaraing extravaganza. *The Idol*, which is an adaptation by Mr. Charles Wyndham from *La Veuve* of Meilhac and Halévy, is precisely the sort of comedy that wastes to no purpose the abilities of English actors in their efforts to illustrate it, and it is, moreover, a class of piece that can never be appreciated by an English audience. The adaptor was necessarily much tramelled in his work of translation, and where much of the original French was such that it might not pass through the cleansing fires of the Lord Chamberlain's office unscathed, he has been obliged to cut and trim, and generally enfeeble the construction of the play until the original motive of it has become vague, and the whole comedy, to say the least of it, rendered obscure and colourless. *The Idol* is in sentiment about as cynical as a comedy of the Restoration, but it has no redeeming qualities of wit or humour to render its cynicism diverting. The theme is one which perhaps Mr. W. S. Gilbert, in his ultra-sarcastic vein, might have treated in a highly artistic manner, but which even he could never make palatable to the majority of playgoers, who are after all healthy in their artistic instincts. The subject of a beautiful and devoted young widow who idolises the memory of her husband only to learn from some "d—d good-natured friend" that the said husband was a sad dog, and not at all the faithful spouse she imagined him to have been, is one that perhaps may point a moral in connection with the actual state of modern society among the opulent classes, but it is nevertheless outside the sympathies of an ordinary audience, and it is to be regretted that the Folly management was not more fortunate in their selection of a first piece, seeing that the Folly company includes as excellent a group of comedy actors as are to be found in any London theatre. Miss Eastlake, who, as Cressul Erle, the young widow, struggled bravely against the difficulty of an unsympathetic part, is an actress well fitted to represent the heroine of refined comedy, and it is to be hoped that the next part she performs will be one better fitted to exhibit the excellence of her style. Mr. Lionel Brough, perhaps the drollest of our low comedians, can make scarcely anything out of the part of Mr. Ambleton Placid. Mr. Alfred Bishop, as Lord Stalayhea, is, as usual, perfect in his make-up, but he also finds himself in a part in which he cannot score. Mr. J. G. Grahame, as Captain Berkeley Breeze, has one of the most important parts in the piece, and it was unfortunate for him that the play proved so unacceptable to the audience, for his acting was very good. Mr. Hamilton Astley gave a good sketch of a drawing swell, and Miss Rose Cullen, Miss Edith Blande, and Mr. Danvers played minor parts satisfactorily. The hit of the evening, however, was scored by Mr. Harry Paulton, who, as the representative of Chisel and Facet, fashionable jewellers, played in one scene in a manner not to be equalled on any stage. Unsatisfactory as *The Idol* is, this one scene of Mr. Paulton's makes it worth going to see.

The burlesque, *Stars and Garters*, by Reece and Farnie, is founded on *L'Etoile*, a piece which did not gain public favour in its native Paris. However, as the adaptors have served it up, it ought, through the strength of the actors who support it, to become very amusing in time. It is in the nature of modern burlesques to blossom into brilliancy some weeks after they have been produced. Therefore, as *Stars and Garters* provides Miss Lydia Thompson (who was enthusiastically welcomed back again) with a part (Lazuli, an Italian image boy) in which she can sing, and dance, and fascinate; Mr. Lionel Brough with one of those burlesque monarchs (this time King Jingo XIX.) whom he can make so droll and amusing, and Mr. Harry Paulton with Zadkiel, a comic old astronomer, and Mr. Alfred Bishop with a

wily diplomatist, Porcupino, and Miss Rose Cullen, Miss Edith Blande, Miss Annie Poole, and a host of sparkling beauty and talent with parts in which they can prove attractive, we see no reason to doubt that the new burlesque extravaganza will prove highly successful. The piece is divided into three tableaux, and for the plot we cannot do better than refer the reader to an excerpt from the programme, which will give a much clearer account of the vagaries of the grotesque characters than any personal impression we might record:—

TABLEAU I.—Exterior of the "Jingo Arms."

How Esbroufette warns her customers against a man in a cloak, and how Jingo, with his head of Police, finds his people too virtuous. How Zadkiel is called from his observatory, is "mentioned in the King's will," and invests in a new telescope. How Princess Laoula arrives on a bridal inspection, and how the wily Porcupino makes her change places with Aloes. How Lazuli gets put out of his lodging, and how he falls in love with Laoula. How Zadkiel has an extraordinary vision in the planets, and how he casts a horoscope for Lazuli. How that hard-up young man insults King Jingo, and how that delighted monarch calls for the Headsman. How Zadkiel upsets all their holiday preparations. The Twin Star! The Triple Destiny! Extraordinary turn in Lazuli's fortunes. Finale to the scene and palanquin chorus.

TABLEAU II.—Throne room in the Palace.

How the Maids of Honour discuss the new arrival, and King Jingo and his Ministers discuss his dietary and other arrangements. How Lazuli evolves a rash and precipitate spirit, and how Jingo and Zadkiel are consumed by slow tortures. How Porcupino works his embassy, and how it is decided by the King that Lazuli will run off with (what he supposes is) Mrs. Porcupino. How diplomacy gets things into a beautiful muddle, and how the King tests the Envoy's skill in fence. How Lazuli does run off with Laoula, the unconscious Jingo aiding and abetting therein, and how Zamio and his Police, firing upon the fugitives, send Lazuli to the bottom of the Lake. The Triple Destiny is working! Horror of Jingo and Zadkiel! Exciting and dramatic finale.

TABLEAU III.—Pavilion on the Lake.

The King and his faithful astrologer have but ten minutes to live. The intimate connection between hope deferred and clocks put back. How Lazuli appears out of the reeds, and learns his influence on the royal fate. Terrible resolve of Porcupino to marry Laoula to King Jingo. How the Court is summoned, and how Lazuli upsets the arrangements. The King is so pleased to find that he has got to live more than ten minutes, that he consents to the union of the lovers, which brings on the

Dénouement, grand finale, and curtain.

We must say in conclusion that the scenery of Mr. Ryan is excellent, and Mr. Michael Connolly's selection and arrangement of the music thorough and good. The piece was produced under the able stage management of Mr. Farnie.

Miss Ellen Lamb, a soprano of great promise, made her début at the Promenade Concerts, Covent Garden, on Friday, the 20th, with great success. Her songs, "Truant's Love" and "As when the Door" were well received, the latter obtaining an encore.

Mr. Charles Collette has arranged with the Crystal Palace Company to give two performances at the theatre at the Palace on Tuesday and Thursday, the 1st and 3rd of October. On Tuesday Mr. Collette will appear as Lohelia in Messrs. Savile Clarke and Du Terreaux's comedy, *Love Wins*, and on Thursday as Puff and Sir Fretful Plagiary in *The Critic*.

Mr. J. A. Cave has produced a version of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* at the Victoria Theatre with great success. It may not be generally known that Mr. Cave was the first English performer to introduce the banjo on the English stage.

At the Metropolitan on Saturday, the 30th, will be produced a new grand fanciful ballet, entitled *Aphodite*, in which the clever D'Aubans and Miss Nellie Moon, who has been specially engaged, will appear. The scenery will be by Grieve, and the whole will be produced under the management of Mr. Charles Merion.

Miss Florence Roberts (daughter of the late esteemed Rebecca Isaacs) does not intend returning to the stage, upon which she made so promising an appearance, both at the Strand and Court Theatres. Miss Roberts will devote herself to concert singing. While we regret that an actress, whose performances we have in these pages had occasion to warmly praise, should turn aside from the dramatic profession, we nevertheless wish Miss Roberts a successful career as a vocalist. On September 30 she will sing at Mr. Roylance's English Ballad Concert, which will be held at the Concert Room, Store-street, Bedford-square.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal's *Diplomacy* Company is an immense success. The Edinburgh press speaks very highly of the company generally. Miss Amy Crawford as the Marquise has most deservedly "scored"; Miss M. Talbot as Lady Henry plays charmingly, and brings a comparatively small part into prominence.

An emphatic proof that Mr. Irving appreciated Mr. Forrester's Iago is that Mr. Forrester has been one of the first actors engaged for the Lyceum under the new management.

On November 18 the famous tragedian, Mr. Phelps, will commence an engagement at Drury-lane of twenty-four nights as Cardinal Wolsey, and appear every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday until Friday, the 13th December, inclusive, and conclude the engagement in February and March next.

Among the many vicissitudes which the struggling members of the theatrical profession have to suffer through no fault of their own none is worse than when an unprincipled manager takes a company into a far country and leaves them behind without the means of returning home. A Melbourne correspondent writes us that Miss Soldene and her manager, one Chizzola, left behind them in that city several chorus ladies, who had no other means of subsistence than the stipend derived from supporting Miss Soldene in her various operas. What were these poor girls to do, we would ask, penniless in a strange land, whither they had been brought by a manager understanding that he would bring them back? They got up a concert among themselves, but we believe the result was not very profitable. The Melbourne public were very indignant at the conduct of the Soldene and Chizzola management. But public indignation is of little use in cases of this kind. We can only warn chorus ladies and others against accepting travelling engagements under managers who are notoriously heartless, unscrupulous, and dishonest.

The Italian Opera Company have had their usual brilliant success in Dublin at the Theatre Royal. His Excellency the Viceroy has patronised the opera consistently. *Don Giovanni*, a favourite opera in Dublin, was supported by Madame Trebelli, Mesdames Caroline Salla and Alwina Valleria, and Signor Del Puente. Mdlle. Minnie Hauk achieved great popularity in Dublin, but, strange to say, the opera of *Carmen* has not generally been appreciated.

On Saturday next at the Park Theatre a short season of legitimate drama will be commenced. The first piece played will be *Othello*, with Mr. Henry Forrester as Iago and Mr. T. Swinbourne as Othello. Miss Edith Lynd will be the Desdemona and Mrs. Charles Harcourt Emilia. The series of Shakspearian dramas will include *Richard III.* and *Macbeth*. We trust the season will be a successful one.

SWIMMING—A GOOD EXAMPLE.

PROBABLY no time like the present has public feeling been so thoroughly aroused to the importance of everyone learning how to swim, and with the fate of the Princess Alice acting as a warning to us, we are always glad to welcome either public or private enterprise when directed to help our friends to keep their heads at all times above water. There are many firms, for instance, if they turned their attention seriously to the subject, could with the exceptional opportunities at their command erect upon their premises baths for the benefit of their *employés*, and which in a very little time might become self-supporting. Mr. Valentine Lovibond, brewer, North End, Fulham, has erected at the small cost of £450 a handsome little bath 40ft. by 18ft. wide for the use of his workmen. The water is warmed by surplus steam, of which there is a plentiful supply from the brewery. Erected in June, the club numbers forty or fifty of the *employés*, and although few could swim at first the majority have now acquired the art, Mr. Lovibond, a great enthusiast in the movement, having instructed many of the men himself. The bath will be self-supporting, and a *pro rata* subscription is charged according to each one's earnings, the payment extending over a term by which the expense individually is absolutely nominal. With the view to induce his workmen to become good swimmers, Mr. Lovibond invited to the bath the members of the London Swimming Club, who attended on Saturday afternoon, and gave an excellent display of their natatory skill, several ladies being present on the occasion. The programme consisted of plunging, six lengths handicap, swimming and floating on the back, the best method of saving life, ornamental swimming, tea-drinking in the water by Mr. and Mrs. Gamp and their irrepressible juveniles, the entertainment winding up with a duck hunt, which caused great amusement, the ladies especially enjoying the fun. Subsequently the members of the London Swimming Club adjourned to Mr. Lovibond's house, and sat down to a handsome cold collation. During the afternoon and evening the band belonging to the works played some appropriate music.

We may mention that Mr. Lovibond and his courteous manager, Mr. Yendell, will always be pleased to show gentlemen the bath or accord information which may be of service to others desirous to follow his example.

At a performance in Powell and Clarke's Circus, Kildysart, Ireland, on Saturday, the flying trapeze apparatus gave way, and the two performers, Ruth and Lefonse, fell to the ground, a dis-

tance of 25ft. One of the iron bars gave way at the same time, striking Lefonse on the head. She was removed in a state of insensibility, and now lies in a precarious condition. The accident caused great excitement among the crowded audience.

12,525 TROUT, weighing 8,238 pounds—not very far off four tons—were killed in Loch Leven during the past season.



THOMAS OTWAY.

A WORD FOR FATHER THAMES.

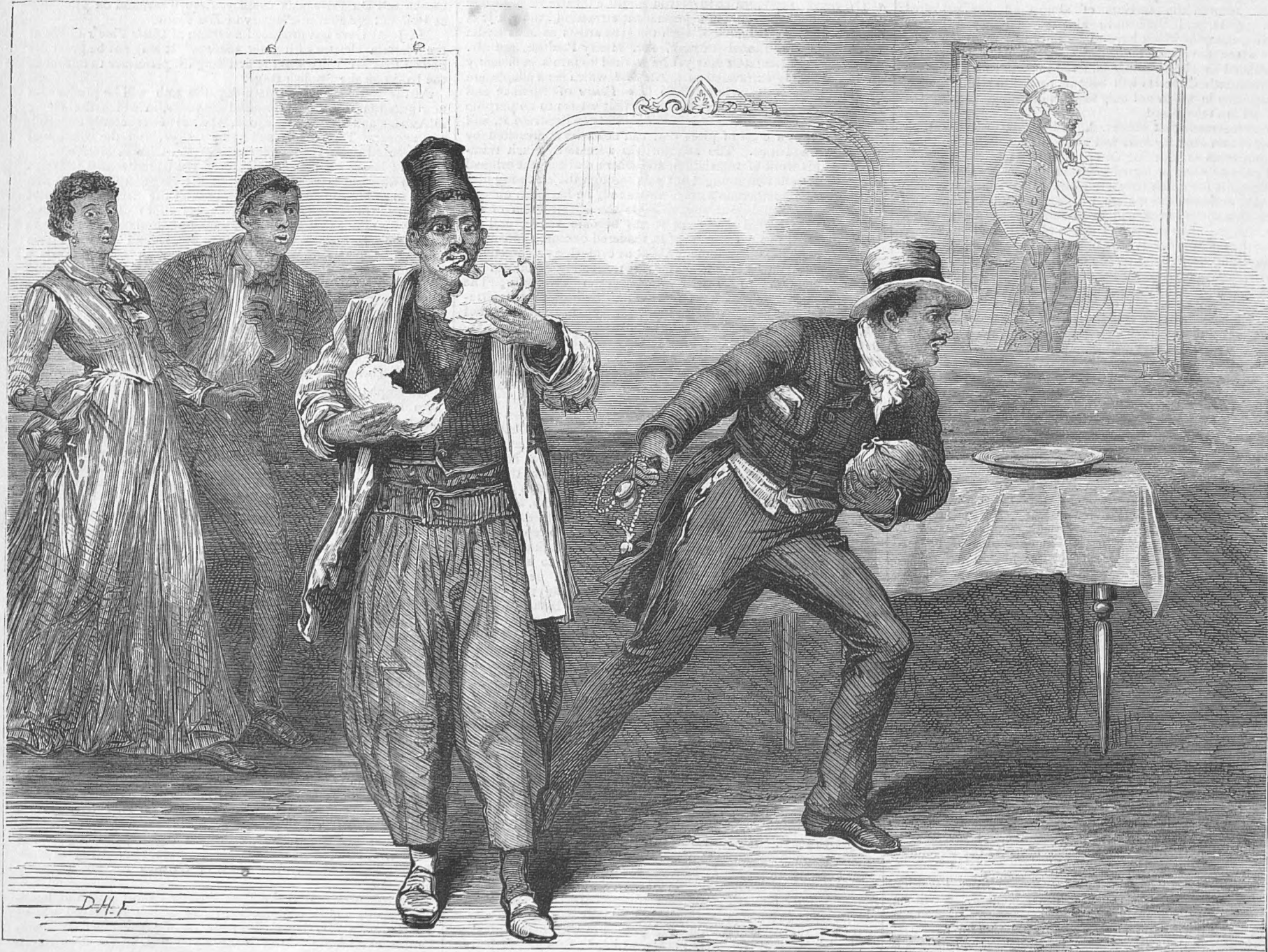
A BARBAROUS work of Vandalism is being carried on in our midst without a word from lovers of the picturesque and beautiful being raised in protest. Everybody who has walked along the river by the towing-path which runs from Putney to Kew within the last few years must have admired the long, unbroken fringe of magnificent old, soundly-thriving willow trees which adorned the bank on the Surrey side, extending along the entire length of the path, where houses do not take their place, giving a new delight to this very pleasant and interesting portion of the River Thames. One by one these are disappearing, and in their place some meddlesome and stupid official—they say his name is Lord—has planted a few scrubby saplings, which will require centuries for their growth to equal importance, and never equal their peculiarly harmonious beauty. Walking in this direction a few days ago we noted the abominable mark which dooms a large number of these sound old trees to destruction, and, if no strong hand intervenes, when the sap is down they too will disappear to make room for fresh saplings. There can be no excuse for the removal of these majestic old willows, for anyone can see for himself that the trees removed were sound ones, with many years of vigorous and healthy growth in them when the axe of this merciless Goth was applied to their noble trunks.

THE friends and admirers of Madame Nilsson will regret to learn that the amount of her loss by the failure of her agent in the United States is as much as £40,000, instead of £10,000, the sum announced.

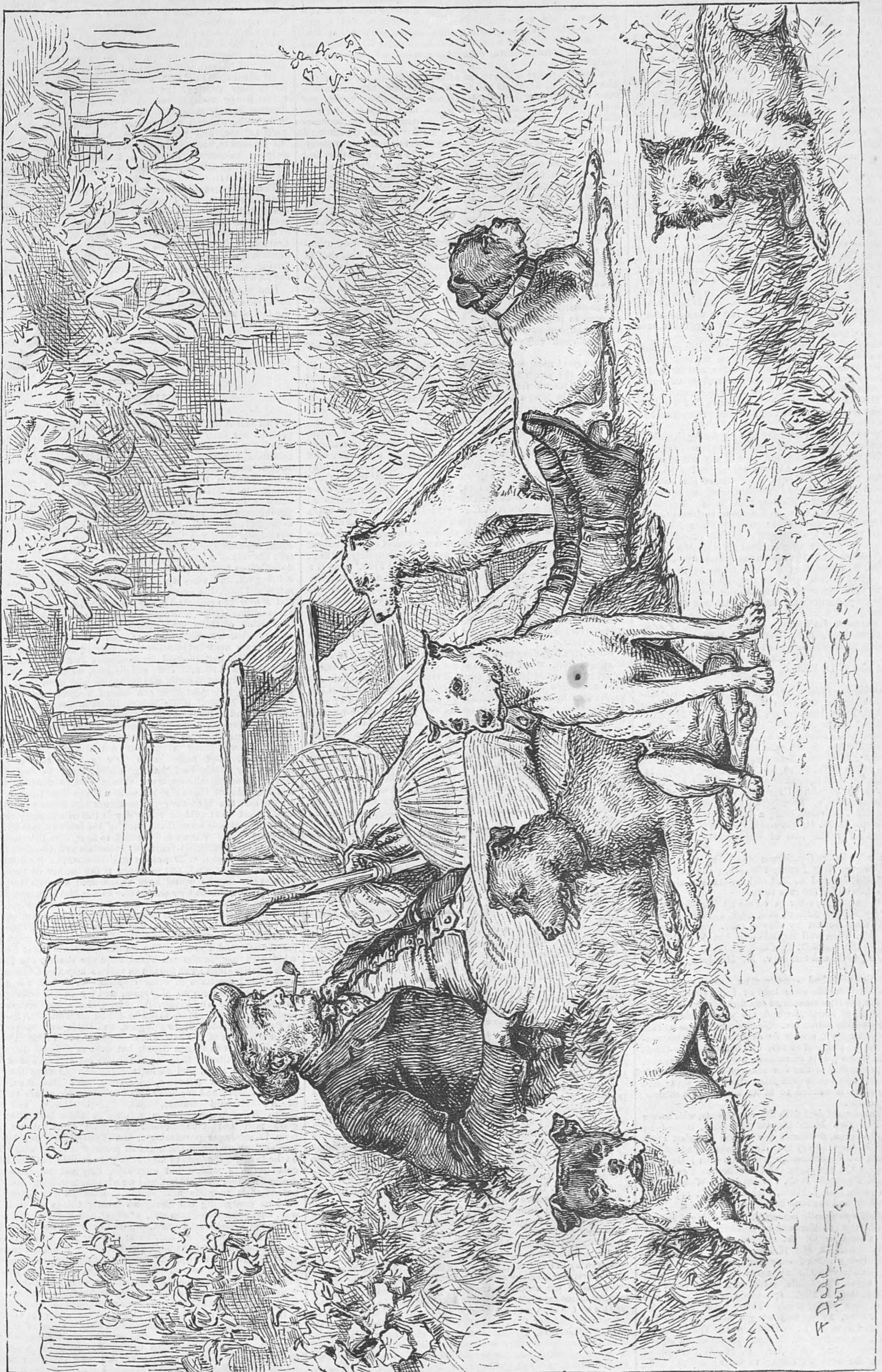
AN experiment of considerable interest in pisciculture is intended to be tried on one of the estates of the Marquis of Exeter, viz., the naturalisation of the American black bass. A large number of this fish have been brought over from New York in the steamer Spain, of the National line, and it is expected that they will take readily to their new home. They were placed on the passage in an improvised tank, the water of which was kept constantly fresh by the injection of air at intervals of ten minutes. It is stated that the bass is considered as having the finest flavour of all the fresh-water fish of America.

—Manchester Guardian.

A LONDON correspondent says:—I am glad to be informed that the Australians take away with them something like £20,000 between them as clear profit from cricket-playing in England. It was believed they would get about £1,000 a man, but their receipts prove to be very much heavier. This is as it should be—they teach us cricket, and we pay them handsomely.



"THE ADVENTURERS,"—A SCENE FROM MESSRS. MOORE AND BURGESS'S NEW FARCE.



IN WANT OF A JOB.

ATHLETICS, CRICKET, AQUATICS, &c.

TAKING into consideration the object of the match, North v. South, at Kennington Oval, on the concluding three days of last week, it is almost a disgrace to Londoners that they did not patronise the meeting better. A few days since, when a colonial team, who had amassed huge sums of money by playing exhibitions during the season, took their benefit previous to returning home, at the same enclosure, the ground was literally crammed; but on the present occasion, when the amelioration of the distress caused by one of the greatest calamities of modern times was the incentive which caused the best cricketers, professional and amateur, to come forward and offer their services all but gratuitously, their efforts were responded to in the most meagre manner by the general public.

Certainly the weather was scarcely what could have been desired, being cold and wet at times, but those who faced everything for such a purpose were performing true acts of charity, and virtually offering a widow's mite to the fund. Glancing through the list of players, a better selection could not have been made, but the absence of Messrs. A. N. Hornby and W. G. Grace was remarked by everyone I came in contact with. It was generally known that Mr. Hornby's non-appearance was unavoidable, but no excuse that I heard of was vouchsafed for that of the pet of the cricket liner, who was therefore unable to "champion" this or that hit or catch. As usual, the company found a reason for themselves, and with the innate love of fixing upon the worst, so prevalent with the public, muttered, as I heard them more than once, "Play! Not he; no expenses this time, my boy." This state of things is much to be deplored, and I hope W. G. will ease the minds of his friends by publicly stating why he could not attend, as had he put in an appearance and backed up his brother, G. F., The North might not have had so much to crow about.

So low a rate were the expenses put at, that although only £336 19s. 6d. was the bulk total of the receipts, no less a sum than £258 was left in the hands of the committee, and forwarded to the fund. Those gentlemen who came forward gratuitously, and the players who offered their services at bare expenses, can return home to their families and friends conscious that England generally confesses that everyone of them on those three days had done their duty.

The North went in first, and held the wickets during the whole of Thursday, obtaining 259 with half their players out. On Friday the remainder were out for a grand total of 303, out of which Ulyett made 71, Lockwood 36, Shrewsbury 41, Selby 76, and Emmett 45. For the South Messrs. G. F. Grace (22, not out) and A. P. Lucas (17) alone reached double figures, and when the last of their team was out the score only stood at 64. Following on, five wickets had gone for 61 when stumps were drawn for the day. A resumption was made at 11.40 on Saturday, but fate was dead against the South, as despite a grandly played 54 by Mr. G. F. Grace they were all dismissed for 116, North thus winning by an innings and 123 runs at ten minutes to two. I never saw Mr. G. F. Grace play in better form; he went in at the fall of the second wicket, and saw the last man out. It is only fair to state that the rain had spoilt the wicket for the South, whilst their opponents were lucky on the first day in the matter of weather.

Bates, Daft, Emmett, Lockwood, Morley, Oseroff, Pinder, Selby, Shaw, Shrewsbury, and Ulyett played for the North, whilst the opposing team was composed of Lord Harris, Messrs. C. I. Thornton, J. Shuter, A. P. Lucas, A. W. Ridley, G. F. Grace, F. Penn, and I. D. Walker, with Barratt, Hearne, and Pooley.

To keep faith with the public, a return was started after luncheon, the only change in the sides being that Mr. A. Penn appeared vice Mr. I. D. Walker. A piece of very bad taste indeed was displayed by the captain of the Northern team in objecting to Mr. Penn being allowed to bat, and by doing so he has not gained any popularity. South won the toss, and thus went to the wickets for the third time in succession; but they were all got out for 58, only Lord Harris, 19, and Mr. A. W. Ridley, 15, getting double figures. At the call of time North had lost three wickets for 68 runs, out of which Ulyett had contributed 36.

A match, Leicestershire v. Twenty-two Colts, was played on Monday and Tuesday, the result being a draw. The Colts went in first and made 161, G. M. Hawksworth, 36, and F. Dalby, 26, being top scorers. For the loss of five wickets the Eleven obtained 89.

On Tuesday the Yorkshire Gentlemen concluded their season with a match, Eleven v. Next Twenty-two, when the former, for whom Messrs. Mawdesley and A. B. Leatham respectively made 37 and 17 (not out), won by 100 runs to 90.

Mr. C. I. Thornton got together an eleven on Tuesday last at Canterbury, to play King's School, and, after a most exciting game, the School were beaten by eleven runs. Mr. Thornton made 82 for his side, being well backed up by Mr. A. J. Webbe with 33; whilst for the losers B. Blaxland, 46, G. T. Drury and E. D. Crowther, 25 each, and the Rev. H. Hodgson, 28, were principal scorers.

Lovers of athletic sports had a rare treat on Saturday afternoon last, when the Kildare Sports were held at Lillie Bridge, West Brompton. Under the title mentioned the firm of Mr. Whiteley annually hold a series of handicaps, and, the prizes being valuable, receive considerable patronage. Such a programme as that provided this year I cannot review *in extenso*, the entries producing a gross total of 486, and of this number quite two-thirds came to the post. Given plenty of runners, a numerous company, with the proper proportion of the fair sex, good sport, excellent handicapping and competent officials, combined with fine weather, nothing more is needed to make a meeting a success, and this was a rare one.

First and foremost I must deal with the open events, which were six in number. The Two Miles Bicycle Handicap, framed by John Keen, the champion, produced one of the grandest races ever witnessed, F. T. East, Surrey B.C., from scratch, just landing by three yards from W. Wyndham, 40 yards start with J. Griffiths, University College A.C., 230 yards, third only beaten a couple of yards. S. Kemp, Pickwick B.C., 170 yards, T. Wellbeloved, Surrey B.C., 220 yards, and J. Horn, Pickwick B.C., 245 yards, being the other riders, and the time being 6 min. 2 secs.

Mr. Thos. Griffith was equally successful in allotting the starts for the other events, the 120 Yards Handicap being only won by three-quarters of a yard by G. A. Johnson of the Olympic F.B.C. 8½ yards start, E. H. Kelley, of the Roy. Vet. College, 3 yards, being second only six inches in front of W. H. Young, Sudbury A.C., 2½ yards, time, 12 1-5secs; W. Warburton won the mile walk with 250 yards by five from J. A. Day, Bedford F.C., 170 yards, with L. Clissold 250 yards, beaten five yards, third. Time, 7min 23sec. T. Mantell, Lewes Priory, 20 yards, just got home first in the "Quarter" by a yard from W. L. Williams, of the West London Harriers, 35 yards, he leading F. Beacon, 30 yards, by only a couple of yards more. Time, 50 4-5sec. F. M. W. Wood, of Woodbridge, took the Hurdles, owing 10 yards; and the Mile Handicap, for which an enormous field started, fell to H. Tomkins, of the Blackheath Bicycle Club, 85 yards start, by five yards, in 4min 25 2-5sec, he being followed home by A. T. Easty, of the Ryde R.C., 150 yards, and F. Davis, of Pershore, 130

yards. In the members' events, T. Collins took that for married men, H. Stafford the Half-mile Handicap, C. Allen the Quarter, H. Lee the 150 Yards, and E. B. Twoose the Apprentices 250 Yards Handicap. Apropos of Collins winning, I was rather amused at his being designated in the dressing-room as a professional. He was an athlete of a past decade, and I well remember his competing against such sterling amateurs as Earl of Jersey, W. M. Chinnery, Ross, of Cambridge University, and dozens of others, when "amateur gentlemen" snobbery was unknown.

A word of praise is due to the officials all round, the hon. secs., Messrs. W. M. Stephens and H. W. J. Masters, being especially to be congratulated on the able manner in which they carried out a programme of prodigious dimensions in a space of time considerably less than what I have seen potted away by incompetents over a four-event meeting. So much "bubble reputation" is now being sought after by a number of almost unknown persons, who, because they are requested to assist in doing their duty and keep their eyes open, so as to aid, if necessary, in placing a third or fourth man, fancy themselves judges, that on this occasion I shall give the officials' names. Mr. R. Harry Nunn was referee and judge of the walking; Mr. Stephen Richardson, sole judge of the running; Mr. G. W. Atkinson, judge of the bicycling; Mr. J. Jeann, starter; and Mr. F. T. Ticehurst, clerk of the course.

Before I finally bid adieu to this meeting, I must draw attention to an abuse which is gaining ground every day, viz., that of a number of persons obtaining admission into the enclosure as members of the Press. On Saturday last I saw four persons decked out with the distinguishing badge of the fourth estate (at these meetings they wear a small rosette similar in colour to the committee's) strutting about the ground with pencil and programme as if the whole place belonged to them; and, on the other hand, representatives of well-known journals, because not wearing these colours, looked down upon disdainfully by the usurpers.

Some good sport was shown at Lincoln on Saturday. C. E. Green, of the South Middlesex R.V., was in good form; he won the open Quarter from scratch, and the 120 Yards Handicap with 3½ yards, after a dead heat with another of the same corps, F. Gilbert, 3 yards; and, moreover, ran second for the 120 Yards Hurdle Handicap, owing 15 yards. A fair afternoon's work.

That weekly paper which rejoices in considering itself before every other sporting journal is not likely to lose its position of special informant, for the present at any rate. I generally send the circulation up one as I am fond of curiosities, and invariably find one or more in its columns. Not content with at one meeting placing a man, who ran second for the final, nowhere in his trial heat, one of their correspondents, I find, makes F. Warren, Northampton A.A.C., 19 yards start, win the Open Quarter at the Dyonsdown Meeting last Saturday afternoon. This gentleman is not too well treated in handicaps, and one well-known allotter of starts has been much abused by a periodical for the inconsistency with which he at one time handicapped him. Now no one can wonder at it when I say that "Fred," who is a personal friend of mine, was at that time in my company at Lillie Bridge, and with 35 yards start, failed to get placed in the Quarter. Of course, the correspondent who sent the report must have been gulled by someone, but then one would fancy the "great I" would endeavour to avoid what to him are perhaps trivial errors, but what to Warren might prove a grave injury at a future period.

Some rare bicycling took place at West Brompton on Monday afternoon last, when the champion (J. Keen) gave handsome prizes in a Four Miles Open Amateur Handicap was decided. All the cracks were there, and after a splendid finish, Wyndham (90 yards) won by four yards from East (scratch), in 12 min 17 sec; Derkinderen, of the Tower Hamlets (40 yards) was third, and Cambridge, of the I. Zingari (100 yards), fourth. East rode out all the way, his times for the entire miles being—one, 3min 26 sec; two, 6min 8sec; three, 9min 13sec; four, 12min 17 1-5sec.

Bicyclists I hope will not forget my advice of last week, and journey on Saturday afternoon to Kennington Oval, as the hon. sec. of the Surrey B.C. informs me that some first-class entries have been obtained, and as the starts at these meetings are always well and carefully allotted, further guarantee of an enjoyable afternoon's amusement (weather permitting) could not be desired.

Strange it is, but the rowing element in the North is always getting at loggerheads, and now Elliott and Boyd are throwing no end of dirty water about; however, they are matched to scull on the Tyne from the High Level-bridge to Scotswood Suspension Bridge, and although Boyd puts up £250 to Elliott's £200, I fancy the chance of the latter. On Monday next Taylor and Hart row from Putney to Mortlake for £60, and a good race may be anticipated, although I never care to prophesy on these little arrangements.

The North London R.C. Regatta took place on Friday and Saturday last. Mr. Hoole's crew won the fours, and Mr. Huntley's the eights, whilst J. Whiteman (18 sec) secured the handicap sculls by two lengths from W. H. Bone (4 sec), the course being from Chiswick Ait to Hammersmith Bridge.

Billiards are not likely to be so dull as was anticipated. Tom Taylor has now matched himself against Joseph Bennett and D. Richards. The ex-champion plays for 100 sovs. even, whilst Richards takes odds of 300 to 200, and both matches are to be 1,000 points up on a championship table at St. James's Hall, Bennett's engagement being set for Tuesday, October 29, and Richards' for Friday, November 8. Taylor will sure to be favourite for both affairs, and is not so very unlikely to lose both. However, this is looking ahead a bit.

Amateurs also are not to be left in the cold, as Mr. Richard Dunn, of Haverstock-hill, has come to their rescue, and offers such handsome prizes as cups valued at £100 for first prize, £20 for second, and £5 for third and fourth respectively in a handicap sweepstakes of 2 sovs each in heats 250 up. I am personally acquainted with Mr. Dunn, who has entrusted the management of the affair to Tom Stuart, to whom entries must be sent at the place of playing, the Waterloo Billiard Saloons, Waterloo-road. I don't advise anyone to try and come the "old soldier" in entering, as Mr. Dunn will show them what punishment the law allows them to receive if they do.

Few clubs are more persistent in their cross-country pursuits than the Clapton Beagles, and moreover their members can hold their own on the flat. Last Saturday the annual race for the long-distance championship of the club over a twenty-six miles course from head-quarters to Epping and back, was decided, and was won by the indefatigable hon. sec., H. S. Price-Waritors, his performance considering the state of the course being something out of the common, the time (3 hours 28min) being six minutes faster than last year. By his endeavours to promote the welfare of the club, and his general *bonhomie*, the hon. sec. has become so popular that, although the other runners—Pescod, Stanley, Harwood, Davies, Binns, and the young Waritors—tried all they knew, they were almost pleased to be defeated. It was a splendid race for second place between Stanley and Pescod, the former just getting home first by a yard. That wary "cuss," Mr. Tom Martin, was starter, and, in conjunction with Mr. Ben Day, took the official times, whilst Mr. Minns accompanied the competitors on a bicycle in case of their requiring any assistance.

Lewes sports were revived on Wednesday last, when I cannot say I had an enjoyable outing, but this was the fault of the clerk of the weather, and not of the hon. sec., Mr. T. Mantell, and the indefatigable committee. The "Dripping Pan" was the rendezvous, and the programme provided a good one, drawing some first-class athletes. In the opening events S. Palmer, of Cambridge University; C. A. W. Gilbert, of Oxford University; H. Willett and A. Laws, of the Brighton A.C.; G. T. Dunning, St. Phillips Rovers; A. Littell, H. M. Oliver, Moseley Harriers; and T. M. Kemp, of the Kent B.C., all proved winners.

As usual the Otter Club were obliged to be doing something last Friday evening, the fixture being a twenty lengths (485 yards) badge competition, the swimmer having to cover the distance in eight minutes. H. J. Barron and H. V. Cleaver will in future be adorned, as they were both well inside the limit with 7min 48½ sec, and 7min 57½ sec, whilst the other competitor, A. P. Stokes, took 8min 11 sec. Mr. T. R. Sachs was time-keeper. To-morrow (Friday) the Ladies' Challenge Cup will be swam for, and the annual entertainment of the club will be held on October 11.

There was a rare muster on Monday evening at the Victoria Baths, Peckham, and I much regret I was not there, and also that I cannot spare space to give the meeting in detail. A lengthy programme had been provided, comprising five events. T. Ingram, of the Whitehall S.C., won the Plunging; W. Risk, of the West London S.C., 32sec start, the Open 140 Yards Handicap; Deards, 7sec, the Club 70 Yards Handicap; Ingram the Plate Diving, whilst the "Lyon" Challenge Cup fell to W. Suriage, of the Lower Park-road School.

Last Saturday I hear the Cadogan S.C. held their annual entertainment at Chelsea, but as they did not send me any notice of the fact or admission ticket I cannot vouch for the truth of the statement.

Many athletes of all grades will be sorry to hear that old Mountjoy, a long-distance walker of many years since, has at last made his final journey: he died last Monday. EXON.

TURFIANA.

THE sale at Middle Park must be pronounced a success, though perhaps not such a thorough one as if the stallions had fetched even fair prices, which was not the case, looking at their health, condition, breeding, and stud credentials. Scottish Chief does not go "out of the family," though we fancied one or two breeders were after him but it was agreed on all hands that he had changed in a marked manner since the day when he neighed defiance in the sale ring on the Dewhurst hill-top. He is getting very much more dipped in the back than we care to see even at his age, while his legs are nothing like so clean as they were a year ago, and there is a look of age and lack of bloom about the once gay and gallant sherry-bay son of "Isles" which tells the tale of a hard season this year, and no horse has gone down hill so rapidly, though doubtless there is plenty of life in the old dog yet, and longevity is a family characteristic. As to the mares and foals, the average of 200 guineas realised for the former and of over 300 guineas for the latter tells its own tale, and from personal knowledge and observation we can vouch for the fact that many of these were picked up dirt cheap by their late owner, who, we will venture to say, has made a profit out of nearly every mare led into the ring, barring some of the ancient tabbies which begged hard for customers as they strode mournfully round and round. Time will disclose, we presume, on behalf of whom Messrs. Burton, Banks, Moon, and other large buyers were acting, but most of us can hazard a shrewd guess at Mr. Oldacre's "backer," while Messrs. Chaplin, the Duke of Westminster, and others made no secret of their purchases. The representatives of other big concerns either bought sparingly, made no sign at all, or were conspicuous by their absence; and so far as we know at present not a single animal went northwards, and only some few as far as the Midlands, Lady Emily Peel having added three to her collection at Bonehill, all we trust, safe in foal to Scottish Chief, while in point of blood they are well suited to Pero Gomez. We are not sure that Mr. Carew Gibson did not take home with him the handsomest mare sold on either day in Pitteri and Lady Sophia, while he certainly secured the pick of the foals in Rinderpest's Kingcraft colt. We were delighted to hear Mr. Tattersall give emphatic and public contradiction to certain evil rumours industriously propagated at Doncaster and elsewhere to the detriment of the Sandgate Stud, and we fancy if the author of them had been in the ring he would have experienced a rough time of it before he got out, and we should like to see him in Rosicrucian's box with the brown loose and out of temper. Mr. Fisher did some good business for the Colonies, buying with pluck equal to his judgment, but M. Andre was rather among the little fish, and it was left to MM. Cavaliero and Lupin to fly at high game for Austria and France. The former could not resist Fenella, what with her Cambuscan blood, exquisite shapes, and alliance with Scottish Chief; and though an ugly hock spoiled Chilham, she was a grand specimen in other respects. Anderida was, to our mind, a dear bargain to M. Lupin, and for choice between the two sisters give us Handicraft. Mr. Oldacre bid up pluckily against M. Lupin, but we fancy he did better with such bargains as Pandore, Czarina, Brown Agnes, and Hilda, and he also got the lion's share of the best foals. Sophiette and Brown Sugar both did credit to Brown Bread, but went in different directions, while among the few bargains of the day must be reckoned Wild Beauty, Gold Dust, and perhaps Maypole. Some of the "old ladies," such as Baroness, Seclusion, and Bas Bleu, sold wondrous well, and we were glad to see such names as those of Sir Richard Sutton, Mr. C. S. Hardy, and Mr. Smith Barry among buyers, if only to show that there are good men and true beyond the pale of what we may term, in catalogue phraseology, Mr. Tattersall's "regular customers." Very few of the breeders present, many of whom were on the look-out for foals to fill up the gaps in their ranks at home, could get in a modest bid edgewise, they had to pay precious dearly for those they did get, and we wish them well and profitably out of their bargains next season. After all the gloomy predictions concerning the foreigners having things all their own way, only some two dozen lots, or about one-sixth of the entire number of animals catalogued, will find their way across the silver streak, and these include only some four or five which may be reckoned as real losses to our "Stud Book." From one point of view the sale was emphatically satisfactory, not one mare or foal, so far as we are aware, having been bought in, and we presume it may be taken for granted that we have really seen the "last of Middle Park," at least under the Blenkiron régime.

The Enfield Stud seems to be the next doomed to "dispersion," at least, so far as regards the surplus stock not under the Glasgow trusts, which will of course continue so long as any of the late Earl's horses remain alive. The paddocks, however, are for disposal, and they come into the market with the prestige of having turned out the winner of this year's Derby; besides which, as everybody conversant with breeding topics is aware, the place is suitable enough and sufficiently commodious for the purpose of its uses for some years past. Doubtless someone will be found willing and ready to fill up the gap thus made in the ranks of breeders, and it will be something to find things ready made to

his hand, so that there may be no vexatious "delay at starting." In Gilbert the new-comer will find a man excellently well qualified to continue in the position of stud groom he has held so long, and with such credit to himself; and doubtless arrangements can be made for taking over so much of the stock as it may suit the incoming proprietor to retain on the place.

Racing at Newmarket has been decidedly above the average in point of quality, while the arrivals were also more "numerous and influential" than is usual at First October meetings. Bold Sir John tried to stop Wheel of Fortune from spinning in the Buckenham, but only got a "facer" for his pluck; while later on in the day Lord Falmouth launched another from his two-year-old arsenal against Rayon d'Or in the Boscawen, and had the satisfaction of seeing the French giraffe cleverly settled by Leap Year, and the deeds of this filly in England and of Swift in France should fill Kingcraft's subscription readily enough next season. The victory of Fiddlestring in the All Aged Trial Stakes foreshadowed the success of Lord Lonsdale's colours in the Great Eastern Handicap, wherein Hackthorpe (in Archer's hands) materially bettered his Doncaster performance in the Portland Plate, giving a year and two lengths beating to that unlucky wretch Warrior, who now looks slacker and coarser than ever; while Malay was the runner up, and this filly may credit the Crawford jacket with a victory ere long. Brown Prince has grown into a coach-horse, but Porcelaine is handsome as paint, and will do the Lagrange stable excellent service. Everyone was delighted to see General Peel's colours to the fore in the Hopeful, and as Peter (an Enfield bred one) upset the penalised Marshal Scott very easily, it may be that a second Derby victory is in store for the Glasgow Stud, for the young Hermit is growing the right way, and it will be remembered that Wheel of Fortune had to gallop to beat him at Goodwood. Sir John Astley found some consolation for his defeat in the Buckenham by bowling some Paramatta, Farnese, and Co. in a Selling Sweepstakes, and his Camerino filly realised 450 guineas at the hammer, and is evidently one of the useful sort. The Grand Duke Michael brought out a larger field than usual, and a second chance was given to Red Archer of proving that he was not the impostor his St. Leger running made him out to be, while Clementine and Glengarry found backers in addition to Lord Clive, who carried Archer and the confidence of the stable in preference to the roaring Redwing. Clementine was always one of the uncertain sort, but she never ran softer than on this occasion, and Lord Clive won cleverly at last. A Scurry Nursery attracted fifteen runners, but neither Cromwell (the selected of the talent) nor any other of the leading favourites troubled Abbaye, who, however, only just squeaked home in front of Romana, Remorse being close up, and the latter was catching her field very fast at the finish. The Four Year Old Triennial was regarded in the light of a Cesarewitch trial for Lady Golightly, but it was merely the farce of a race, as neither Balaguy nor Ivy could get on terms with her ladyship, and we take it their owners only ran for the "percentages," which go a little way towards paying training bills, and obviate the reproach of a "w.o."

On Wednesday Mr. Savile, the unlucky, for once got the best of Lord Falmouth, the fortunate, Carnmarth not being "in it" with the Electric filly in the First Foe Stakes; but neither of these will set the Thames on fire. Gloria was bound to beat such poor cattle as she met in the First October Produce Stakes, and goes into Mr. Vyner's stable for 610 guineas, and so far as we remember, she is the first winner out of Pandore, one of the high-priced lots of last Saturday's sale at Middle Park. Favonius (whose loss we shall most surely regret) showed us another two-year-old stayer in Sir Bevis, out of Hampton's dam, as he gave nearly a stone each to Fly by Night and the Doeskin filly, while there were plenty of better favourites than Mr. Acton's colt. The same colours were close up in the next race, the First Nursery Stakes, on Kingfisher, one of the uncertain sort, who "will not when he may," for he looked all over a winner until Massena challenged him, and then he died away to nothing, while the favourite, Merry Heart, could only get third. If Victorius can get such horses as Massena, he will turn out a rare bargain to his new owner, and be it remembered he gets nearly everything, not only to run, but to "run on." In a Selling Race Blackmoor, the worst favourite of the three, easily bowled over the Vertumna filly and Ulysses, and then came the Three-Year-Old Triennial, the finish of which was confined to the three favourites in the order assigned to them by the betting, though Attalus only gained the verdict by a head from Castlereagh, and it is now more certain than ever that Mr. Houldsworth's colt is nothing more than a miler, though he has more than once flattered the stable into a contrary belief, and they have dropped their coin accordingly. After Niger had beaten Restore in the Kentford Stakes, the Bush jacket then got a turn in the Ditton Handicap with Bound to Win, a Middle Park bred one out of Mother Carey's Chicken, and the form was respectable seeing that Leopold, Capillaire, and Hardrada—were all backed in preference to the winner, and the form of Count Festetic's colt would seem far too bad to be true, unless he likes a short distance better than the last mile and a half of the Ditch In. For the Granby Stakes Radiancy was elected favourite, but Prince Soltkyoff's filly did not seem to relish the Criterion hill, on which Breadfinder was quite at home, and the winner hails, we believe, from Stanton.

The Cesarewitch betting has undergone few marked changes; but from what we can see, Lady Golightly is certain to be a strong favourite to the end of the chapter, though we doubt her ability to compass the distance successfully. We like Pornic none the worse for being rather "out in the cold," while we fancy that Master Kildare is certain to be "worse before he is better," and he may be knocked out during the next fortnight, when we shall like his chance better than ever, though we confess to a doubt as to his ability to beat Sefton. Harbinger is not one of our favourites, neither shall we be tempted to back Midlothian, and we must perforce cherish a sort of fancy for Flotsam, despite his penalty, for we cannot forget that he has shown himself a stayer, and of how few in the race can this be said!

Thursday. SKYLARK.

A GRAND concert will be given at the Castle Hotel, Richmond, on Wednesday evening, October 9th, for the benefit of Madame Annie Rosenthal, when the following eminent artists will appear:—Madame Antoinette Sterling and Madame Annie Rosenthal; Mr. Henry Nordblom, Mr. James Sidney, Mr. Walter Clifford, Mr. Edmund Rosenthal, Mr. Walter Pettit (solo violoncellist of Her Majesty's Private Band); Miss Edith Rosenthal and Miss Florence Rosenthal (the juvenile pianists). The Rev. Wordsworth Talfourd, M.A., and S. Brandram, Esq., M.A., will give recitations from Shakespeare and other authors. Jane Shore, the New York Spirit of the Times thinks will run at Booth's Theatre beyond a doubt, Miss Genevieve Ward now wears her own dark hair, and her acting, though still more a matter of art than impulse, has improved as much as her appearance. The great snow scene creates much enthusiasm.

We have received from Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode (of 43, Fleet-street), Her Majesty's Printers, specimens of their Christmas cards and scrolls. The designs are novel and original, the colouring is chaste and tasteful, and the variety of subjects is quite bewildering. We have seen nothing more elegant and artistic in the way of Christmas cards than these, with which Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode are thus early in the field.

PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

ROYAL CALEDONIAN HUNT AND WESTERN MEETING.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19.

The HUNTERS, YEOMANRY, AND VOLUNTEER PLATE.—Mr. G. Seton's ch g Montauban, by Mandrake out of Tau, 4 yrs, 12st 10lb (Mr. Jenkinson), 1. 6 ran.
The JUVENILE STAKES.—Lord Rosebery's br c Ramsbury, by Macaroni out of Miss Dayrell, 7st 12lb (Constable), 1. 7 ran.
The AYRSHIRE HANDICAP.—Lord Zetland's b c Flotsam, by Speculum out of Flotilla, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb (inc 12lb ex) (Morgan), 1; West Wind, 2; Sennator, 3. 11 ran.
HER MAJESTY'S PLATE.—Duke of Hamilton's br c Greenback, by Dollar out of Music, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb (Lemaire), 1; Mrs. Pond, 2. 2 ran.
The SELLING STAKES.—Mr. C. Barrass's b f by Tibthorpe out of Gissette, 2 yrs, 6st 4lb (Greaves), 1. 7 ran.
The EGLINTON HUNT CUP.—Mr. W. B. Fauld's ch g Gold Dust (late Lesbia), by Alcibiade—Duchess of Argyle, 5 yrs, 12st 5lb (Mr G Steele), 1; Vagrant, 2; Falmouth, 3. 4 ran.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 20.

The CALEDONIAN CUP.—Duke of Hamilton's br c Greenback, by Dollar out of Music, 3 yrs, 8st 1lb (Lemaire), 1; Chevenol, 2.
The LAND OF BURNS CUP.—Duke of Hamilton's br c Winchilea, by John Davis out of Belle of Kars, 4 yrs, 8st 12lb (Lemaire), 1; Cleopatra, 2; At a Venture, 3. 9 ran.
The AYR GULF CUP (Handicap).—Duke of Hamilton's b c Suler, by Pace or Vauresson out of Barbillone, 3 yrs, 6st 13lb (Lemaire), 1; Slender, 2; Eminence, 3. 7 ran.
The TWO YEAR OLD SELLING HANDICAP PLATE.—Duke of Hamilton's b c Schmettering II., by Orest out of Farfalla, 8st 12lb (Lemaire), 1. 4 ran.
The CONSOLATION WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. Brodie's br g Wanderer, by Saunterer out of Regina, 6 yrs, 10st 6lb (Constable), 1. 8 ran.
The AILSA PLATE of 50 sovs. for hunters, two miles on the flat, was won by Mr. G. F. Steele's b m Teba, by Lecturer out of Eugenie, aged, Pacha being second, and Eaglesham third.

ALEXANDRA PARK RACES.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 20.

The OSSULSTONE NURSERY PLATE HANDICAP.—Mr. T. Steven's br f Simple Girl, by Anglo-Saxon out of Shepherdess, 7st 10lb (C. Wood), 1. 13 ran.
A SELLING HIGH-WEIGHT HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. Savage's ch f Sweet Pea, by Siderolite out of Satin, 3 yrs 8st (F. Davies), 1. 7 ran.
The HEAUCLERK PLATE.—Mr. Crawford's f by Musket out of Carine, 7st 8lb; Gallon, 1. 9 ran.
The PALACE HANDICAP.—Mr. Henneage's br c Hennix, by Suffolk out of Lady Wilson, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb (car 6st 8lb) (A. Hall), 1; Financier, 2; Nonsense, 3. 4 ran.
The TRIAL PLATE.—Mr. H. Vaughan's ch f Cuckoo, by Wild Moor out of Algeric, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb (J. Jarvis), 1. 6 ran.
The WHETSTONE PLATE HANDICAP.—Mr. Wood's M.P., by Mr. Pitt out of Patience, 4 yrs, 7st (car 7st 1lb) (Harding), 1. Gadfly, 2. 10 ran.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21.

The WROTHAM PARK PLATE.—Mr. G. Ingram's br f Bravissima, by Plaudit—Cameo, 3 yrs, 7st 1lb (J. Jarvis), 1. 8 ran.
The GREAT NORTHERN NURSERY STAKES (handicap).—Mr. T. Bet's ch f by Macaroni—Danish Rose, 7st 11lb (Harding), 1; Fair Wind, 2; Fairy Guy, 3. 9 ran.
The COUNTY CUP.—Mr. Pulteney's bl f Preciosa, by Rosicrucian—Dark Blue, 3 yrs, 8st 3lb (H. Jeffery), 1; Lyceum, 2; Nugget, 3. 7 ran.
The JUVENILE HANDICAP SELLING PLATE.—Lord Bateman's ch f Passing Bell, by Moulsey—Lady Abbess, 7st 9lb (Loates), 1. 11 ran.
The AUTUMN HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. Henneage's br c Hennix, by Suffolk—Lady Wilson, 6 yrs, 7st 3lb (inc 10lb ex) (Hall), 1; Mermaid, 2; Laburnum, 3.
A SELLING HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. F. Palmore's b f Fame, by Distin—Sappho, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb (Harding), 1; Montague Square, 2; Marshal Hood, 3. 11 ran.
A PLATE.—Mrs. Drewitt's b c Sensation, by Orest—Emotion, 5 yrs, 9st 1lb (Morley), 1; Middle Temple, 2; Red Cloud, 3. 6 ran.
MATCH: 25 sovs each, and beaten horse; 9st 7lb each. Five furlongs.—Mr. G. Johnson's b f Miss Fry, by Restitution—Fairy, by Orlando, 3 yrs, 9st 7lb (Owner), 1; Black Diamond, 2.

MANCHESTER RACES.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 20.

A PLATE.—Mr. J. Coates's br f Lady Fanciful, by Ranger out of Whinsey, 2 yrs, 7st (W. Macdonald), 1; Misenus, 2; Cremation, 3. 5 ran.
The LANCASTER NURSERY PLATE (Handicap).—Mr. O'Neill's b c Lantern Fly, by Flash in the Pan out of Gaddy, 7st 3lb (Morgan), 1; Salamis, 2; f by Favonius—Cherie, 3. 10 ran.
The BUCKLEY SELLING STAKES.—Mr. Vaughan's b f Daisy Wreath, by Buckenham out of Retreat, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb (car 8st 5lb) (F. Archer), 1. 6 ran.
The MANCHESTER AUTUMN HANDICAP.—Lord Durham's ch h Glendale, by Blair Athol out of Pet, 5 yrs, 8st 12lb (Snowden), 1; Nuthoy, 2; Dee Side, 3. 4 ran.
The STAMFORD PLATE HANDICAP.—Mr. R. Peck's Rowston, by Victorious out of Lady Geraldine, 5 yrs, 8st 12lb (F. Archer), 1; Miss Gertrude, 2; Pearlina, 3. 3 ran.
The OLDHAM WELTER HANDICAP.—Mr. C. Jones's ch c Misenus, by Trumpeter—Lady Maaham, 3 yrs, 9st 13lb (F. Archer), 1; Thirkleby 2; Cincinnati, 3. 5 ran.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21.

The WILTON HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. Howard's b c The Baron, by Kidderminster—Lady de Trafford, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb (W. Macdonald), 1; Skelgate Maid, 2; Iantrum, 3. 3 ran.
The PENDLETON SELLING HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. W. Reeves's ch c Prime-saultier, by Macgregor—Unfashionable Beauty, 4 yrs, 9st 4lb (F. Archer), 1. 8 ran.
The DE TRAFFORD HANDICAP.—Duke of Westminster's b f Helena, by Cardinal York—Florence Aislable, 4 yrs, 8st 5lb (car 8st 6lb) (F. Archer), 1; Worcester, 2; Deeside, 3. 4 ran.
The DERBY SELLING STAKES.—Capt. Davison's b f Savoir Faire, by Young Trumpeter—Chic, 8st 11lb (W. Macdonald), 1. 5 ran.
The EGLINTON NURSERY HANDICAP PLATE.—Major Stapylton's br f Salamis, by Lecturer—Majolica, 8st 12lb (F. Archer), 1; Miss Whiting, 2; Lantern Fly, 3. 7 ran.

HAMPTON RACES.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 20.

MATCH.—Mr. Lawrence's Barge, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb (Luke), 1; Sussex, 2.
The MOLE NURSERY STAKES (Handicap).—Mr. H. R. Millican's b c Mexico, by Alvarez out of Fanchette, 8st 5lb (K. Wyatt), 1; Franciscan, 2; Herze-govina, 3. 6 ran.
The WELTER CUP (Handicap).—Mr. F. Davis's b f Lily Hawthorn, by Knight of the Crescent out of Hawthorn Bloom, 4 yrs, 10st 6lb (Glover), 1; Ironstone, 2; Fie d'are, 3. 6 ran.
The MAZE PLATE.—Mr. J. Jenkins's b f Zabina, by Toxophilite out of Lydia, 8st 2lb (Weedon), 1; Star Queen, 2; Silens, 3. 7 ran.
The JUVENILE HANDICAP SELLING PLATE.—Mr. Ellerton's ch f Lady of the Lea, by Wilberforce out of Aspasia, 8st 12lb (K. Wyatt), 1; Conviction, 2; Silverbread, 3. 4 ran.
The HOME PARK STAKES.—Mr. H. F. Hobson's br c Father Matthew, by Victorious—Lemonade, 4 yrs, 9st 10lb (K. Wyatt), 1. 4 ran.
The EIGHTH HENRY HANDICAP (New Race).—Mr. C. J. Langland's br c Don Carlos, by Paul Jones out of Laura, 4 yrs, 9st (Glover), 1; Windfall, 2; Collingbourne, 3. 6 ran.
The SPELTHORNE NURSERY STAKES was declared void.

NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24.

The BUCKENHAM STAKES.—Lord Falmouth's b f Wheel of Fortune, by Adventurer—Queen Bertha, 8st 7lb (F. Archer), 1; Howdie, 2. 2 ran.
ALL-AGED TRIAL STAKES.—Lord Lonsdale's b c Fiddlestring, by Paganini—Acid, 3 yrs, 8st 4lb (Constable), 1; Paramatta, 2; Waggy, 3.
The HOPEFUL STAKES.—Gen. Peel's ch c Peter, by Hermit—Lady Masham, 8st 10lb (C. Wood), 1; Marshall Scott, 2; Kingfisher, 3. 8 ran.
A SELLING SWEEPSTAKES.—Sir J. D. Astley's b f by Camerino—Verity, by Vedette, 3 yrs, 8st 6lb (Fordham), 1. 6 ran.
GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY HANDICAP.—Lord Lonsdale's b c Hackthorpe, by Clitadel or Trafford—Rosary, 3 yrs, 8st (car 8st 2lb) (F. Archer), 1; Warrior, 2; Malay, 3. 16 ran.
The GRAND DUKE MICHAEL STAKES.—Mr. C. Rayner's ch c Lord Clive, by Lord Clitadel—Plunder, 8st 10lb (F. Archer), 1; Clementine, 2; Red Archer, 3. 5 ran.
SCURRY NURSERY.—Mr. T. Jennings's b f Abbaye, by See-Saw—Abbess, by Atherstone, 7st 12lb (W. Johnson), 1; Komana, 2; Remorse, 3. 14 ran.
The THIRD YEAR OF THE TWENTY-NINTH TRIENNIAL PRODUCE STAKES.—Lord Falmouth's b f Lady Golightly, by King Tom—Lady Coventry, 8st 7lb (F. Archer), 1; Balaguy, 2; Ivy, 3. 3 ran.
The BOSCAWEN STAKES.—Lord Falmouth's b f Leap Year, by Kingcraft—Wheatear, 8st 4lb (F. Archer), 1; Rayer d'Or, 2; Rossiter, 3. 4 ran.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25.

A FIRST FOAL STAKES.—Mr. H. Savile's b f by Cremore—Electric, by Thunderbolt, 8st 12lb (car 8st 6lb) (J. Goater), 1; Lord Falmouth's br c Carnmarth, 8st 12lb, 2. 2 ran.

The FIRST OCTOBER TWO YEAR OLD PLATE.—Lord Calthorpe's b f Gloria, by Rosicrucian—Pandore, 7st 9lb (car 7st 13lb) (Constable), 1; Queen Esther, 2; Blondel, 3. 5 ran.
A SWEEPSTAKES.—Mr. A. Clon's br c St. Bevy's by Favonius—Lady Langden, 8st 10lb (Glover), 1; Fly by Knight, 2; Doeskin, 3. 10 ran.
FIRST NURSERY STAKES.—Mr. D. Milner's br c Massena, by Victorious—Cora Pearl, 8st 8lb (Constable), 1; Kingfisher, 2; Mowerina, 3. 10 ran.
A SELLING STAKES.—Lord Vivian's br c Blackmoor, by Pero Gomez—2 yrs, 7st 3lb (Harding), 1. 3 ran.
THE SECOND YEAR OF THE THIRTIETH TRIENNIAL PRODUCE STAKES.—Mr. J. H. Houldsworth's b c Attalus, by Lacydes—Blanchette, by The Baron, 8st 10lb (G. Fordham), 1; Castlecreagh, 2; Hydromedea, 3. 7 ran.
The KENTFORD STAKES.—Mr. F. Leleu's b g Niger, by Le Marechal—Cestus, 4 yrs, 8st 9lb (T. Cannon), 1; Restore, 2. 2 ran.
The DITTON HANDICAP.—Mr. C. Bush's Bound to Win, by Victorious—Mother Carey's Chicken, 3 yrs, 6st 5lb (Gallon), 1; Hardrada, 2; Leopold, 3. 5 ran.
The GRANBY STAKES.—Lord Lonsdale's b f Breadfinder, by Brown Bread—Ethel, dam Idyl, 8st 7lb (Constable), 1; Radiancy, 2; Barde, 3. 5 ran.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26.

The MOULTON STAKES.—Count F. de Lagrange's Phenix, by Cymbal—Belle Etoile, 3 yrs, 7st 6lb (W. Johnson), 1; Preciosa, 2; Hoyton, 3. 7 ran.
The DOUBLE TRIAL PLATE.—Mr. W. Arnall's Lace Shawl, by Cape Fly-away—Nottingham Lass, 8st (F. Jeffery), 1; Merry Heart, 2; Niobe, 3. 7 ran.
SELLING STAKES.—Capt. Macchell's Andrella, by Scottish Chief—Lady Dot, 8st 12lb (F. Archer), 1; Jordan, 2. 11 ran.
SELLING STAKES.—Lord Dupplin's Echo II., by Thunderbolt—Faraway, 3 yrs, 8st (G. Fordham), 1; Ventnor, 2; Medora, 3. 6 ran.
THE SECOND YEAR OF THE THIRTY-FIRST TRIENNIAL PRODUCE STAKES.—Lord Falmouth's Wheel of Fortune, by Adventurer—Queen Bertha, 8st 7lb (F. Archer), 1; Modena, 2; Jessie Agnes, 3. 9 ran.
The WELTER HANDICAP.—Mr. C. Alexander's Briglia, by Thunderbolt—Habena, 4 yrs, 7st 9lb (Luke), 1; Hadrian, 2; Suffolk Lad, 3. 8 ran.
The SNAILHILL STAKES.—Mr. G. Scavenius' Mowerina, by Scottish Chief—Stockings, 8st 10lb (T. Cannon), 1; Alpha, 2; White Poppy, 3. 9 ran.
The SOHAM STAKES.—Lord Lonsdale's Fiddlestring, by Paganini—Acid, 3 yrs, 8st 4lb (F. Archer), 1; King Sheppard, 2; Cataract, 3. 3 ran.
The RUTLAND STAKES.—Mr. W. S. Crawdley's The Manse, by Atherstone—Freekick, 1; Velleda, 2; Gilet, 3.

CORK PARK AUTUMN MEETING.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24.

The MUNSTER PRODUCE PLATE.—Mr. Douglas's b f Flag of Truce, by Rip-ponden—Armistice, 3 yrs, 8st 8lb (T. Doherty), 1. 6 ran.
ALL-AGED PLATE (handicap).—Mr. Taylor's b c Prophet, by Solon—Lyra, 4 yrs, 8st 12lb (J. Connolly), 1. 9 ran.
SELLING HURDLE PLATE.—Mr. Gilman's b f Vivandiere, by Zouave, dam by Arthur, 4 yrs, 10st 3lb (Mr. T. Heasley), 1. 10 ran.
The GRAND STAND HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. J. Doucie's ch m Queen of Kildare, by Kidderminster—Hibernia, 5 yrs, 12st 5lb (J. Doucie), 1; Lottery, 2; Violante, 3. 7 ran.
CORK PARK HANDICAP HURDLE RACE.—Mr. Stoke's b g Sizar, by Student—Ada Lee, 4 yrs, 10st 6lb (P. Gavin), 1; May Day, 2; Chancellor, 3. 10 ran.
The MUNSTER HUNT STEEPLECHASE.—Capt. Burke's b c Rathallig, by Champagne—Old Peg, 4 yrs, 10st 10lb (Lynch), 1; Nick of the Woods, 2; Kilbeg, 3. 6 ran.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25.

HER MAJESTY'S PLATE.—Mr. S. G. Barry's br c Valour, by Victor, dam by Mount Zion, 3 yrs, 9st (inc 7lb extra) (F. Wynne), 1. 3 ran.
MILITARY HUNTERS' STEEPLECHASE.—Mr. R. F. Thompson's b m Elmina, by Speculum—Gipsy, 4 yrs, 11st 7lb (Owner), 1; Nick of the Woods, 2; Jennie, 3. 4 ran.
PARK PLATE (Handicap).—Mr. J. Power's Violante, by Joco—Violetta, 5 yrs, 11st 6lb (P. Gavin), 1; Mrs. Star, 2; New Purchase, 3. 9 ran.
CITY PLATE (Handicap).—Capt. Gubbins's ch f May Day, by Uncas—Lark-away, 4 yrs, 9st 12lb (Ryan), 1. 5 ran.
SOUTHERN HURDLE RACE (Handicap).—Capt. Gubbins's ch f May Day, by Uncas—Larkaway, 4 yrs, 10st 13lb (Fleming), 1; Lord Scroope, 2; Spelling Bee, 3. 8 ran.
The SHANDON PLATE (Handicap).—Mr. G. D. Stokes's Strand Fly, by Citadell—Leda, 5 yrs, 11st (P. Gavin), 1. 9 ran.

LANARK MEETING.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24.

The WISHAW HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. J. B. Cookson's b f Good Thing, by Asteroid—Tip, 4 yrs, 7st 12lb (Fagan), 1. 7 ran.
The GLASGOW HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. R. Cowan's b c Clearhead, by Knight of the Garter or Martyrdom—Revival, 4 yrs, 7st 12lb (Fagan), 1. 10 ran.
The LEE CASTLE PLATE.—Capt. Inge's bl f Ada Cavendish, by Cavendish The Hind (b-b), 8st 10lb (Bruckshaw), 1. 5 ran.
The MONKLANDS PLATE.—Mr. Cook's b f Vie, by Vedette—Maid of Perth, 2 yrs, 7st 10lb (Tomlinson), 1. 8 ran.
The JERVISWOOD HUNTERS' PLATE.—Mr. Bowes's b h Goral, by Blair Athol—Klarinska, 5 yrs, 13st 8lb (Mr. J. H. Peart, jun.), 1. 6 ran.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25.

The INNKEEPERS' PLATE.—Mr. G. Steel's br f Teesdale, by The Palmer—Lettie Long, 3 yrs, 8st 3lb (J. Clark), 1. 11 ran.
The HUNTERS' SELLING PLATE.—Mr. H. Greet's b g Arblast, by Trumpeter—The Arrow, 5 yrs, 11st 5lb (Mr. J. Steel), 1. 3 ran.
The SILVER BELT HANDICAP.—Duke of Montrose's br c Eminence, by Cardinal York—Corybantica, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb (Carlie), 1; Lady Millicent, 2; Chevelay, 3. 5 ran.
The DOUGLAS NURSERY HANDICAP.—Capt. Inge's bl f Ada Cavendish, by Cavendish—The Hind (b-b) 8st (inc 7lb ex) (Bruckshaw), 1; Jim Walker, 2; Strathcarron, 3.
The HAMILTON WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. J. Martin's b f La Gitana, by Julius—Orlando, 3 yrs, 8st 11lb (in 5lb ex) (Killick), 1; Whim, 1; Wanderer, 3. 7 ran.

WOLVERHAMPTON RACES.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26.

The LADIES' PURSE.—Mr. Toon's Mistral, by Macaroni—Flying Cloud, 2 yrs, 7st 11lb (W. Macdonald), 1; Maid of Honour, 2; Vivandiere, 3. 4 ran.
The PATSHULL HANDICAP.—Mr. H. Bragg's Fairy Queen, by The Miner—Fairy Footstep, 4 yrs, 7st (W. Macdonald), 1; Eremita, 2; Roode, 3. 4 ran.
The TRIAL STAKES.—Mr. Quarly's Bravissima, by Plaudit—Cameo, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb (J. Jarvis), 1; Fame, 2; Cincinnati, 3. 6 ran.
The WOLVERHAMPTON STAKES—Major Stapylton's Senator, by Speculum—My Mary, 3 yrs, 6st 9lb (W. Macdonald), 1; Worcester, 2; Kingsclere, 3. 8 ran.
The STAFFORDSHIRE NURSERY HANDICAP.—Mr. J. Johnson's Merriment, by Merry Sunshine—Light Drum, 6st 7lb (Mallows), 1; Sanctuary, 2; Court Beauty, 3. 5 ran.
The ROYAL STAKES.—Jove filly, 1; Pauline, 2; Baron filly, 3. 8 ran.

PERTH RACES.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26.

The ATHOL HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. J. Brodie's Wanderer, by Saunterer—Regina, by Autocrat, 6 yrs, 8st 11lb (Sheard), 1; Pic nic, 2; Abbie, 3. 4 ran.
The BREADALBANE HANDICAP PLATE.—Duke of Montrose's Eminence, by Cardinal York—Corybantica, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb (Killick), 1; Passport, 2; Chesterfield, 3. 4 ran.
The INNKEEPERS' PLATE.—Mr. J. B. Cockson's Good Thing, by Asteroid—Tip, 4 yrs, 9st 3lb (L50) (Fagan), 1; Ladybird, 2; Catherine, 3. 5 ran.

PARIS AUTUMN MEETING.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 22.

PRINX DE LA LOIRE.—Baron de Varenne's b f Bobinette, by Monitor—Bonalle, 3 yrs, 8st 1lb (Flint), 1. 7 ran.
BOURG DE MADRID.—Martinist Stud's ch c El Rey, by Lord Clingden—Bourg la Reine, 3 yrs, 8st 6lb (G. Mills), 1. 5 ran.
GRAND CRITERIUM.—Baron de Cartier's ch f Swift, by Kingcraft—Sycee, by Marsyas, 8st 9lb (Wheeler), 1; Mdile. Clairon, 2; Ismael, 3. 14 ran.
PRINX DE SAINT-CLOUD (handicap).—M. Ephrussi's ch f Echelle, by Troca-déro—Orpheline, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb (Sheppard), 1; Gulliver, 2; Augusta, 3. 8 ran.
PRINX DE VILLERON.—Baron de Rothschild br f Brie, by Parmesan—High-land Sister, 9st 3lb (Rolfé), 1. 3 ran.

BRUSSELS AUTUMN MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25.

SELLING HANDICAP.—Baron de Welmont's b c Incroyable, by Tournament—Incrutable, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb (Fears), 1. 5 ran.
PRINX DES ELEVEURS.—Baron de Welmont's br c Marcus, by Marksman—Adulat on, 4 yrs, 10st 4lb (Fears), 1. 6 ran.
PRINX DE CONSOLATION.—Mr. T. Carter's sen, b f Humility, by Gantelet—Kalyppe, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb (Forman), 1. 4 ran.
PRINX DE GROENENDAEL.—Baron F. de Cartier's b f La Demoiselle, by Gitano—La Dheune, 8st 7lb (Wheeler), 1. 7 ran.
SELLING HANDICAP HURDLE RACE.—Mr. Allan's b f Mignonne, by Mignon—Miss Milton, 3 yrs, 10st 4lb (Werr), 1. 5 ran.

MESSRS. ELKINGTON and Co., London and Birmingham, have been awarded the Gold Medal in Class 24 for their exhibits at the Paris Exposition Universelle, and their artists (M. Morel Ladeuil and M. Auguste Willms) have been awarded a gold and a silver medal respectively.



OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

IN the dark recesses of the gloomiest corner of the Old Coal Hole—now better known as the Occidental—three men sat deeply engrossed in some subject of discussion which, to judge by the earnestness of their undertones, and the impressive manner of each in enforcing his argument with his fist upon the table, the matter under consideration must have been of considerable moment to them all. By the occasional gleams of their various cigars, now and then brightened up by vigorous smoking, the features of the group could be pretty clearly discerned. Sitting at the centre of the table on which were placed their drinking-vessels was one who wore his hat slightly on one side; this revealed his lofty brow and mass of ringlets, that curvetted gracefully over his ear and the velvet collar of his coat. His face was massively grand, with a sad tone of expression about the mouth that could not be concealed even by the thick, hanging moustache that adorned his upper lip. This melancholy was, however, counteracted by the piercing eye, now looking like happy sunlight, now flashing with the brilliancy and awfulness of lightning. Reader, need I keep you longer tarrying over lame description? You have doubtless already discovered that it was none other than Mr. Clarence Holt. On his left sat the slim and swarthy Charles Wilmot, while to his right, sipping constantly his favourite beverage of toast-and-water, lounged Mr. J. W. Currans. What could be the subject of this conclave? I will tell you, reader. The subject under discussion was the opening of the Duke's Theatre as a popular place of amusement. The result of the conference here alluded to has now been seen. It was certainly a daring thing for anybody, especially those conversant with the fortunes and misfortunes of different theatres, to venture their pro-



"A Stalled Ox"

spects in such an establishment as the gaunt house in Holborn, that has borne so many titles and ruined so many managers. Chameleon-like in changing its names, it would almost seem that chameleon-like managers and companies would require to live upon air for want of more substantial support. Many have been the conjectures as to the reasons of the misfortunes of this house of many *aliases*. Some said it was consequent upon the locality, that part of London being the borderland between the City and the West End, where no one stayed, and that it only received passing glances from a moving population, going and coming hither and thither on 'buses and on foot. Others mooted the theory that the place was badly built, and so on; while a few more correctly hinted that the proper class of entertainment had not been supplied. However it may have been, when Messrs. Charles Wilmot and Clarence Holt announced their intention of opening it at popular prices and without stalls, but with a shilling pit stretching from the stage to the back of the auditorium, and capable of seating 1,400 persons, wiseacres shook their heads, and were sorry for those worthy gentlemen. Presently the test was made, and a grand drama in prologue and four acts was produced, the subject being *The Barricade*, dramatised from Victor Hugo's great work, "*Les Misérables*," by Mr. Clarence Holt. *The Barricade* is a stirring piece of melodrama, and "fetched" the seething pit and writhing gallery on the first night, as it has every night since. Mr. Clarence Holt, very entertaining as Jean Valjean—whether as that interesting individual he presented himself in the rags attendant upon poverty or in the white waistcoat and perpetual white-thread



Jean Valjean in Affluence

gloves of affluence. I cannot give a very distinct account of the performance, as I did not follow it very distinctly, but I was much comforted by the following:—

THE PRESS SAYS:

"So long as there shall exist a social condemnation which artificially creates Hells on Earth; so long as the three great problems of the age, the degradation of men by poverty, the ruin of women by starvation, and the dwarfing of childhood by physical and spiritual night, are not solved, Plays like the BARRICADE cannot be useless."

I do not know what "Press" it was that made this state-



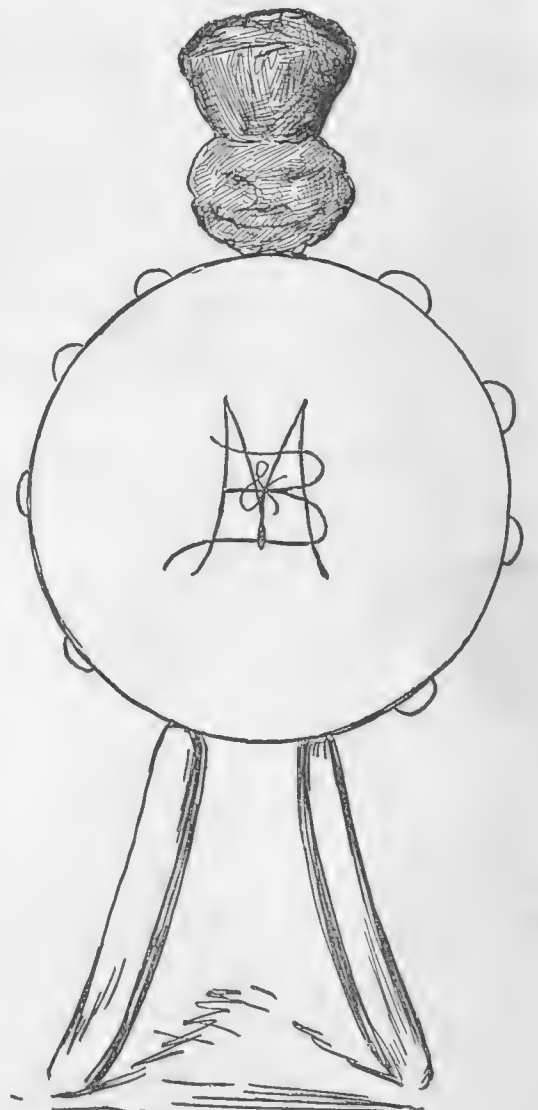
J. Valjean in Poverty.

ment, but I trust Press is right. The programme also gave me a considerable insight into what the pit and gallery were shouting, and halloing, and stamping, and clapping about. Here are a few incidents culled from it. "Unknown Light—The Bishop's Warning!—Vague Flashes in the Horizon—Rescued from Poverty—War between Four Walls—The Noxious Poor—Storming the Barricade—Charge of the National Guard—Out of Evil cometh Good." This is a pretty good bill of fare for a cheap



Eponine's toy toes

dramatic feast, and the pitites, lolling where the bloated aristocracy erstwhile lolled, enjoyed it immensely, and were echoed in their opinions by the more exalted but less luxurious occupants of the gallery. They got exactly what they wanted, and I must say that if I had paid a shilling or sixpence I should consider that I had quite the value of my money back in shouting and firing of cannon and barning of redfire. Miss May Holt played Eponine (though "*The Sergeant of Waterloo*" would insist upon



Burnt cork's 14th Birthday

addressing her as "Fantine"). I must not say anything of this lady's vocal efforts, as papa came before the curtain, and in the most impressive manner begged the indulgence of the audience for his "dawtar," as she was "suffering fram a kowlda," but I must have a word with Miss May Holt regarding her artificial tootsies. I have tried to show in a sketch the effect these ill-made feet-gloves had from my point of vantage. It is seldom ladies on the stage are ready to sacrifice much of their personal beauty for the sake of art, and it is commendable when one or two are found here and there who will "make up ugly" for the sake of the performance they are taking part in; but the line should be drawn somewhere, and in Miss Holt's case she should

draw it at ill-shapen artificial feet, for I can assure her I remember a very pretty pair which she exhibited in burlesque some years ago. I did not reach the theatre in time to see the performance of the laughable farce, entitled *My Turn Next*, in which Mr. Wilmot played Taraxicum Twitters, so I am again at a loss what to say, but if T. Twitters is anything like the Chadband Mr. Wilmot played at the Globe during the production of *Yo*, I should like to have seen it. Last week the Moore and Burgess Minstrels gave their six thousand four hundred and forty-fifth consecutive performance. On that evening was celebrated Burntcoak's fourteenth birthday. This is even worse than *Our Boys*! On the occasion in question a large audience wept with the sweet sentiment of some of the songs, and screamed in laughter at the jokes of Messrs. Walter Howard and Charles Sutton—jokes much older, some of them, than fourteen years. On the rosy programme was printed an address in verse (of course) from the polished pen of Mr. H. S. Leigh, who as I once indicated on this page, is the laureate of St. James's Hall. The programme of the evening, I think, bears me out in this. I find his name dotted all over it. There was one blank in the evening's entertainment—a blank that all the efforts of the combined minstrelsy could not hide—Mr. George W. Moore was not there. However, as he was better engaged on a holiday, I forgive him; in fact, I forgave everybody a few minutes after, when, in the company of the ever-hospitable Mr. Burgess, I drank "Many happy returns of the day."

AUTUMNAL ADVICE FOR OWNERS OF HORSES.

ABOUT this time there are many thousands of distracted horse owners sadly needing a little plain homely advice regarding the treatment of their equine servants which are neither ill nor well, but require, if not professional attendance from experts, at least more than ordinary care and skill on the part of their daily attendants—coachmen, grooms, and carters. The cause of this semi-indisposition consists in those numerous *extra* functional activities and inactivities which accompany shedding of the coat, and disposes itself to the most unobservant in the form of a dull, lustreless dead coat; dull, lustreless, brittle hoofs; sweating on exertion, and general dulness and lack of spirit.

In the autumn horses shed their coats, and in doing so the above-named phenomena appear as a direct consequence of this process in this way. When a hair is deprived of its nourishment it becomes thinner and dries, and is easily uprooted. After being uprooted it no longer requires nourishment, of course, and the nourishment it was wont to receive is thrown back on to or rather into the system. Then, again, the tissues about its root being no longer required also dissolve and are thrown into the system. Such being the case, we get the circulation loaded with two impurities. The next step follows; the heart, that active muscle which is diligently pumping away day and night without ceasing, becomes weakened by its source of nourishment being poisoned; the heart, being weakened, is unable to force the circulation to *complete* the current, and so the veins get choked and filled, and as a consequence have to hold their liquid load longer than usual, and a good deal of this filters through their coats into the tissues around. As fluids always find their level, the legs become filled, most often the hind ones, from being the furthest from the circulatory centre. In older, weaker subjects the lungs too become oedematous, as it is technically called—that is, they too are partly filled with this watery fluid that escapes from the veins. When this is the case, the breathing area is encroached upon, and the horse has to breathe faster as a consequence. If the lungs are half filled he has to breathe twice as fast, and so forth. This impeded sluggish circulation in his lungs causes him to yawn frequently, so that we have the singular phenomenon of a horse standing quietly in his stall panting almost and frequently yawning, and yet he is not fevered, as any one can prove by applying the now widely known and invaluable thermometer to his mouth and testing his temperature. The inside of his lips and his mouth are pale: so are the under surfaces of his eyelids. A less aggravated case is the one where we have only a filling of the legs, and dry, brittle hoofs.

The treatment of this condition is very simple. Everyone knows that a little exercise fines down the legs, and strange as it would, apart from our explanation, appear, a little gentle exercise when the lungs are involved, as above described, quiets down the breathing so distinctly that a horse breathing fifteen times a minute (eight or ten is the normal) when standing quietly in his stall, when walked about briskly comes in to the stable again breathing *slower* than when he left it. As we have said, the ugly state of things soon returns; exercise has not even scotched the complaint, much less killed it. In order to cure we have to first of all purify the circulation and drain off its redundant watery ingredients with a brisk purge, and here let us remark that aloes in the form of the ordinary physic-ball in the ordinary dose is the best medicine. We must expect it to act freely, and we must further anticipate an extra amount of weakness from it in our already debilitated patient. This being so, we must have warm clothing and bandages, and warm drinks of gruel along with our purgative. The circulation being thus cleansed, we next feed it with its two tonics, *iron* and *oxygen*. We give it iron in the form of the sulphate commonly known as green vitriol, in powders of about three drams each, mixed in a scalded oat and bran mash, at least twice a day. We give it oxygen by taking the animal into the fresh open air three or four times a day—hand-lead exercise for bad cases, and very light slow work for cases not so bad. If to this treatment we add a quart of stout night and morning, which any horse will drink with relish out of a clean pail, and attend to clothing and bandaging, and plenty of friction to the skin, our patient soon rallies, and is again "at your service, sir." But what about the hoofs? Care must be taken in shoeing, as the clenches split out, and the nails sooner become dislodged. Shoes are more frequently cast in the autumn from this cause, so that all horsemen should notice whether the shoes are all fast before starting on a journey at any time, but more especially when the hoofs are brittle and split. It is a good plan to use hoof ointment throughout the autumn in all horses, young or old, for although younger horses show less tendency to filled legs and dry, brittle hoofs, yet their hoof fibre is deficient in the autumn in preservative qualities, and is all the better for having them supplied artificially.

Heavy coats nowadays are not allowed to be cast gradually by natural processes, but fall before the reaper's scissiors, or are burnt away more gradually by gas or naphtha. No doubt the process of burning down the coat gradually, a little at a time, every day or so, is a compromise between the natural shedding of the coat on the one hand and clipping on the other, and is safer somewhat than clipping; but if a horse is clipped and the singeing lamp applied immediately, so as to seal the ends of the hairs, there is very little risk indeed of his catching cold, though it is a risky thing to clip and not to take the precautionary measure of singeing. If a horse is "working soft," and has a heavy coat on, the first step in the way of treatment should be to deprive him of his coat. Relieved of the coat the breathing is relieved a good deal. There is nothing more common than for novices to think they see a typical case of "broken wind" in the autumn, when it is nothing more than the lifting, distressed breathing from too long a coat.

All horses, whether they fill in the legs or not, should have an aloetic purge in the autumn. In work horses whose services can ill be spared the three days physic requires, Sunday should be included. To do this, a bran mash with a dram of calomel upon it should be given on Saturday night, and the physic ball on the Sunday morning before the horse takes his mash breakfast. Under these circumstances he will be fit to do light work by Tuesday afternoon, or on Wednesday morning at furthest. It is always necessary to give a dose of physic before giving iron if the iron is to do good, because if the circulation is not cleared, but has impurities in it, the iron added is but another impurity. Should the horse's services be such that he cannot be spared the three days requisite for the ordinary physicking, then it is a good plan to dissolve an ounce of Epsom salts and two drams of sulphate of iron in the water he drinks night and morning till the bowels are slightly moved; afterwards to give the powdered aloes on a mash every night. Some horsemen have an objection to giving warm mashes at night to horses, under the fear of giving them cold. This is nonsense; the mashes, however warm, will do no harm, but ought always to be stopped when they act too freely on the bowels.

In conclusion, we must warn riders and drivers against "pushing" on a horse during the autumn when his breathing is violently disturbed, and when he sweats too freely, more especially should purging set in. Many horses are lost under such conditions from congested lungs or congested bowels. In a word, horsemen ought to regard their equine servants as *less* fit in the autumn from the cause we have mentioned, and treat them accordingly.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MATERIALS FOR MODERN DRAMA.

(To the Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

SIR,—Your correspondent, "W. D.," in a somewhat vague letter pleads for a style of dramatic authorship which shall bear "the same relation to the comedies of the Robertson school as *Maud* and *Aurora Leigh* bear to the poems of Frederick Locker." Great as my admiration for Tennyson and Mrs. Browning is, I cannot believe such heroes and heroines as "W. D." desires would be fitted for the modern or, indeed, any stage. The experiment has been tried of weaving a drama round a being of this description in Browning's *Paracelsus*, and much as I appreciate that noble work, I cannot believe that it contains any of the qualities necessary to make a "stage play." A comparison between it and *Hamlet* will show my reasons for such a conclusion. In the first place, *Hamlet* reveals an immediate, or, at any rate, conspicuous, connection between cause and effect. The motives which actuate the play stand out clearly and distinctly, so that who runs may read. It is not so with *Paracelsus*. The student of the latter work has to wade through long and often obscure logical deductions to discover the mainspring of the story. But this is only a special case, "W. D." may say; certainly, but I can generalise it. For *Hamlet* I will read *Brown* (*New Men and Old Acres*), *Tom Stylus* (*Society*), or any character in the acting drama of the present day. For *Paracelsus* substitute *Aurora Leigh*, Shelley's *Alastor*, the hero of *Uhlant*, or any of Browning's numerous creations (except *Stratford*), and still my argument will hold. The reason is obvious. *Hamlet* is the portrait of a man as the artist would paint him, *Paracelsus* of one as the anatomist would study him. The stage holds the mirror, not the dissecting knife, and is therefore ill adapted to interpret the modern or introspective school of poetry.—I remain, yours obediently, CYRIL BOWEN.

Duke's Theatre, September 18, 1878.

THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN AND FRENCH PLAYS.

SIR,—A paragraph appeared in the *Observer* of Sunday last stating that the Examiner of Plays had declared he would not license any version whatever of the vaudeville, *Niniche*, now being played at the Varieties Theatre, Paris. The author of the paragraph has been misinformed. I have purchased the sole right of playing this piece in Great Britain and Ireland, and an adaptation of it, specially arranged for England, has been written for me by an experienced dramatist. This adaptation has not yet been submitted, as I have only to-day sent in the first act, and the Examiner of Plays, whose impartiality and fair dealing are well-known, cannot possibly have condemned a play which he has not yet had an opportunity of reading, and which, when he has read it, he will find perfectly free from the objectionable features of the original. As the paragraph I refer to is a very serious matter for me, I shall esteem it a great favour if you will print this letter.—I am, &c. KATE SANTLEY.

Royalty Theatre, September 24.

MR. ODELL AND MRS. BATEMAN.

SIR,—Having observed in your issue of the 21st inst. a notice to the effect that I have accepted an engagement with Mrs. Bateman for the opening pantomime at Sadlers Wells Theatre, I shall feel obliged if you will contradict this report in your next week's number, as I have at present made no arrangement whatever, and am consequently disengaged. By so doing you will confer a favour on yours faithfully, E. J. ODELL.

Junior Garrick Club, Adelphi-terrace, London, W.C., September 25, 1878.

MADAME CAVE-ASHTON.

SIR,—In your brief notice last week of my professional career you omitted to say that during my first public engagement (at the Alexandra—now Park—Theatre) I received much kind and beneficial instruction from Mr. Thorpe Pede. Will you do me the honour to insert these few lines in your next issue?—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, GERTRUDE CAVE-ASHTON.

27, Henrietta-street, Cavendish-square, 25th September, 1878.

HOW TO SAVE YOUNG BIRDS.

SIR,—There are many interesting matters connected with shooting that come within the cognisance of practical sportsmen, and during the season now commencing, the habits of game will afford much wholesome pleasure to any one who gives himself the trouble to mark them closely. The difference between a good or a bad season rests in a great measure upon a wet or a dry spring, but with a little care and forethought many a covey of birds might be saved. A friend of mine having some men at work mowing a grass field during a wet time, went into a meadow where the men had found a covey of young birds that had only just been hatched. They were very weak, and would probably all have died in the damp grass. He told the men to pick up as many of them as they could; they found ten, which he put into a handkerchief. These he took home and placed in a small basket, one that was used for eggs, and lined it with flannel. He placed them on the hearth before the kitchen fire, and procured some ants' eggs to feed them with. After about an hour they became warm and quite frisky, and soon began to peck away at the food provided. The mowers had been told to mow about half an acre, and then go into another field. They did so. In about two

hours he took the birds back into the field in the basket, and turning the latter over, he left them under it in the middle of the piece that was mown. He went to look after them during the afternoon, when the two old birds had found them out, for they got up close to the basket, and dropped in the corner of the same field. We left them again, and, returning in the evening, found the basket overturned, and all gone away. They grew into remarkably strong birds, were always found in that field or the next, and it was all we could do to get anywhere near them when they became forward and wild. Many birds are killed by the season being too dry, for if they have not water near them they soon begin to droop, particularly pheasants; hence, a few pails of water kept in the corner of fields will do an immense amount of good; besides, it keeps your birds at home, and they will not want to stray away for water on other people's land. Carrion crows kill many young partridges. They will drop down upon them, and pick them up one after another. I know nothing more destructive than the carrion crow. He is as bad as a hawk; therefore kill all you can. No one can tell the immense amount of trouble it is to rear young birds by hand. I have been pretty successful, but it is a constant source of care and anxiety. First they have the "gapes," then they get tired of the same sort of food and begin to pine, and, what with one thing or another, a man may esteem himself fortunate if he rears half. Do not give your tame birds too much pepper; many keepers give them, I am sure, too much. Give hardly any, if any at all.—I am, sir, &c. J. V.

NEWS ITEMS.

THERE is, we understand, no truth in a report which has appeared in an American journal, and which has been quoted by newspapers here, to the effect that the Earl of Rosebery, the Liberal candidate for the rectorship of Aberdeen University, is about to republish some comic verses which he wrote when in America.

THE report circulated to the effect that Mr. M. H. Sandford, the proprietor of the Preakness Stud Farm, near Lexington, Kentucky, offered to sell his breeding farm at North Elkhorn and his entire stud of thoroughbreds for 100,000 dollars, is without foundation.

MR. R. C. BELT is now engaged upon a bust of the late Mr. George Payne. The artist took a cast of Mr. Payne's features after death. Mr. Belt has executed six marble busts of Admiral Rous.

MR. GEO. LOWTHER'S Scarborough and Bridlington coach horses, 18 in number, were brought to the hammer on Thursday week at York, when, owing to the well-known and tried quality of these young horses, a keen competition took place amongst the large number of buyers assembled. The following were the prices realised:—Grimston, bay gelding, 27gs.; Mistletoe, chestnut mare, 43gs.; Ethel, roan mare, 50gs.; Bobby, brown gelding, 54gs.; Workman, chestnut gelding, 27gs.; Milkmaid, roan mare, 53gs.; Pippin, bay gelding, 31gs.; Breakman, bay gelding, 41gs.; Hawthorn, brown mare, 50gs.; Midnight, brown mare, 71gs.; Bridesmaid, grey mare, 44gs.; Lancer, bay gelding, 35gs.; Yeoman, chestnut gelding, 25gs.; Volunteer, bay gelding, 41gs.; Melton, chestnut gelding, 42gs.; Somerset, bay gelding, 42gs.; Paddy, chestnut gelding, 45gs.; and Chesterton, bay gelding, 25gs. Total, 740gs., or an average of 41½gs. each.

WITH the intention of giving the Cleveland foxhounds a fair chance of resuscitating their scenting faculties after their lengthened furlough from the numerous covers in the district, the first meet of the season took place at Saltburn-by-the-Sea, on Thursday week. Shortly after the announced time the hounds trotted across Mr. Wharton's Valley Bridge. They appeared in splendid trim, and rattled the cubs about in rare style.

At the Westminster Court on Tuesday, the case of Komer v. Rousby came on for hearing. Mr. Willis appeared on behalf of the plaintiff, a glass merchant in Oxford-street, and Mr. Charles Mathews, barrister, represented the defendant, who is an actress. The action was brought to recover a sum of £20 11s., being the value of goods sold and delivered. The defence was a plea of coverture, which was not contested. The defendant, in cross-examination, denied that she had promised to pay the account when it was sent in. She admitted, however, that she had not informed the plaintiff that she was living apart from her husband. In reply to a further question, Mrs. Rousby said she had not pursued her profession for some months, and in those circumstances she naturally expected her husband would pay her debts. The judge considered there was no case against the defendant, the plaintiff was therefore nonsuited. Costs were refused.

AN important point under the Salmon Fisheries Act was raised at the Derby Police Court on Saturday. A local fish and game dealer was charged, under the 19th section of the Act, with exposing salmon for sale on the 9th of September. The defendant's solicitor, Mr. Edowes, admitted that salmon was exposed, but contended that as it was taken from the river Tweed, and a special Act provided that salmon could be taken in that river from the 14th of September to the 15th of February, the fact of his client exposing it for sale did not constitute an offence under the Salmon Fisheries Act of 1873. He then called witnesses, who proved the transit of the fish from Berwick-on-Tweed, and its delivery to the defendant; and although the case for the prosecution was ably argued by a solicitor, the magistrates dismissed the summons.

A WHOLE theatrical company has been drowned under the most melancholy circumstances, as thus recorded by the *Melbourne Argus*:—"News reached Melbourne on the 24th of July of the total loss of the barque *James Service*, belonging to that port, on her voyage from Calcutta to Melbourne with a cargo of country produce. As all the crew and passengers have been lost, it will never be known how the wreck was caused, but from her position it is very evident she must have been several hundred miles out of her proper course. The scene of the wreck is about forty miles to the south of Perth, Western Australia, on the Manderah Reef, which is about seven miles off the shore. The following are the passengers as far as known:—Mr. and Mrs. Cowderoy (Miss Bessie Edwards), Mr. and Miss Williams Messrs. P. B. Smith, W. F. P. Phillips, and Mr. J. W. Kelly. Miss Bessie Edwards (Mrs. Cowderoy) was coming to Melbourne under engagement to the management of the Theatre Royal. Mr. Cowderoy was known as an 'old man' actor. Mr. Williams was for a long time principal violinist in Dave Carson's troupe, and was well known in India, while his daughter, Miss Williams, had gained laurels in the principal Indian cities as a soubrette actress. The vessel and cargo were insured in local offices to the extent of £25,000. One telegram is as follows:—"The body of Mrs. Frank Towers has been found at the wreck of the *James Service*. The body was naked, with a band round the waist marked 'J. Towers.' On the finger was a wedding ring and a dressing set with two brilliants and an emerald. The body was buried at Fremantle. Trunks and cases of luggage have been recovered marked 'Bessie Edwards,' 'C. A. Cowderoy,' 'Williams,' 'J. W. Reddie,' and 'J. A. Steiber.' Thousands of tins and cases of castor oil have been washed up. A later telegram is as follows:—"The identification of the body found as that of Mrs. Towers is disputed, notwithstanding the waistband marked 'J. Towers,' and that the features are similar

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WORSDELL'S
PILLS.**

PURIFY THE BLOOD
CLEANSE FROM
DISEASE,
REMOVE OBSTRUCTIONS,
IMPROVE DIGESTION,
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May be taken with Perfect Safety by Old and Young.
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BALDNESS IS CURABLE.



BEFORE USING.



AFTER USING.

"EAU MALLERON."

A CURE IS GUARANTEED IN FROM THREE TO SIX MONTHS.

MONSIEUR LODOIS respectfully solicits all those who are bald, but desire to renew the natural covering of the head, to consult him any day between eleven and five o'clock, at the Rooms of the French Hygienic Society, 40, Haymarket, S.W.

M. Lodois is so certain of success that he will enter into a contract on the principle of

NO CURE NO PAY.

Pamphlets and full particulars of this marvellous and genuine remedy forwarded post free on application.

EAU MALLERON, FOR THE CURE OF BALDNESS.—The remarkable success which has attended the introduction into this country of this remedy is proved by the large and gradually increasing number of testimonials of an enthusiastic character which the discoverer receives by every post. It yet suffers, and must inevitably remain at a disadvantage for some time to come, from the fact that it must necessarily rank, in the estimation of those who have yet had no opportunity of testing its wonderful properties, with the thousand-and-one quack remedies for the removal of baldness already in existence. Monsieur Lodois, however, is confident that the time is not far distant when a sceptical community will be compelled to admit that he is the possessor of an invention which is a certain cure for baldness that does not arise from old age or decay of nature. His straightforward method of conducting his practice is meeting with the appreciation it deserves. With those patients who are in a position to hold periodical consultations of a personal nature M. Lodois makes his contracts on the "no cure no pay" principle. Such patients as are prepared to visit him at No. 40, Haymarket, at stated times, and to rigidly carry out the instructions of their capillary physician, may, in the vast majority of cases, safely reckon upon a perfect and permanent cure. In an interesting pamphlet on the subject of Baldness, published by Monsieur Lodois, he says that the Malleron preparation "possesses the power of causing the gradual organic action of the hair to increase its vitality in a lasting manner, and thus cause hair to grow in places where for years it had disappeared—even on the balded heads. It is unfortunately impossible, owing to the confidential nature of much of his practice, for M. Lodois to acquaint the world with a tithe of the remarkable cures he has wrought. The following consensus of testimony, however, selected from a great number of letters, the originals of which may be inspected on application, will tell its own "unvarnished tale":—

The following letter has just been received from Signor Urio, the well-known operatic artist.

London, July 20th, 1878.
M. LODOIS.—Dear Sir,—In answer to your letter, I beg to state that after using the Eau Malleron some time, I have obtained quite a marvellous result. I am certain that through it I shall recover my hair exactly as it was before. I am, indeed, much obliged to you.

Yours very truly,
Urio.

You may show my letter to any inquirer, and do what you think fit with it.

(From a Lady).

Stratford-on-Avon, June 29th, 1878.
DEAR SIR,—I have just finished the bottle of Eau Malleron I received from you just a month ago. It certainly has proved beneficial to my hair, as it is thicker at the roots, and has grown a little over an inch.—Believe me, yours truly,
C. H.

Hull, May 3rd, 1878.
DEAR SIR,—I have commenced with the Eau Malleron, and fancy it begins to do good; in any case the skin of the scalp appears to get softer, showing more life.—Yours,
J. E.

Bibleton, near Preston, May 27th, 1878.
DEAR SIR,—In reply to your favour to hand, I have not used the Eau Malleron for a month. I have been away from home, and my whereabouts uncertain, so did not send for any. My hair is thicker, though I do not follow out the directions perhaps as rigidly as I ought.—Yours sincerely,
J. C. S.

Lerwick, June 6th, 1878.
M. J. LODOIS.—Sir,—I beg to inform you that I have finished the last bottle of Eau Malleron supplied by you. To speak candidly, I think that where the mixture was most used the hair is thicker, but it is very fine and short.—Yours obediently,
G. W. H.

Trowbridge, June 17th, 1878.
MONSIEUR LODOIS.—Sir,—I beg to enclose a cheque for one bottle of Eau Malleron, as before, and should be obliged your sending it early to the above address. Progress as yet, I fancy, is slow, and may after another bottle improve, that I may report to you with entire satisfaction.—I remain, yours, &c.,
W. S. W.

Bath, April 6th, 1878.
J. LODOIS.—Dear Sir,—I enclose a P.O.O. for 25s. 6d., and will thank you to send me a large bottle of Eau Malleron. My hair has improved wonderfully since I have used this preparation.—Yours, &c.,
J. F. M.

34, Avenue du Pont Neuf, Limoges, France.
DEAR SIR,—My treatment is finished. I promised to write and let you know the result. I have the satisfaction to tell you that the result has been on all points in accordance with the terms of your little pamphlet. My hair had disappeared for many years without any apparent cause. It has grown much more than I could have expected. I had large bare places which are now quite covered with hair.—Yours, &c.,
F. DESCHAMPS.

Jermyn-street, London.
M. LODOIS.—I am so pleased with your treatment that before leaving London for the provinces I feel bound to thank you. My hair has, under your care, made rapid progress. Please send me two bottles of Eau Malleron, for which I send the money.—Yours,
P. E. G.

Suffolk.
M. LODOIS.—Will you send me a pint bottle of Eau Malleron? I enclose a P.O.O. for 25s. 6d. Please send receipted bill, and say when it is sent off, because of the delay I often have with parcels. I think the Eau Malleron is excellent for preventing the hair from coming off, and it has caused new hairs to grow.
MISS G. R.

MR. J. LODOIS

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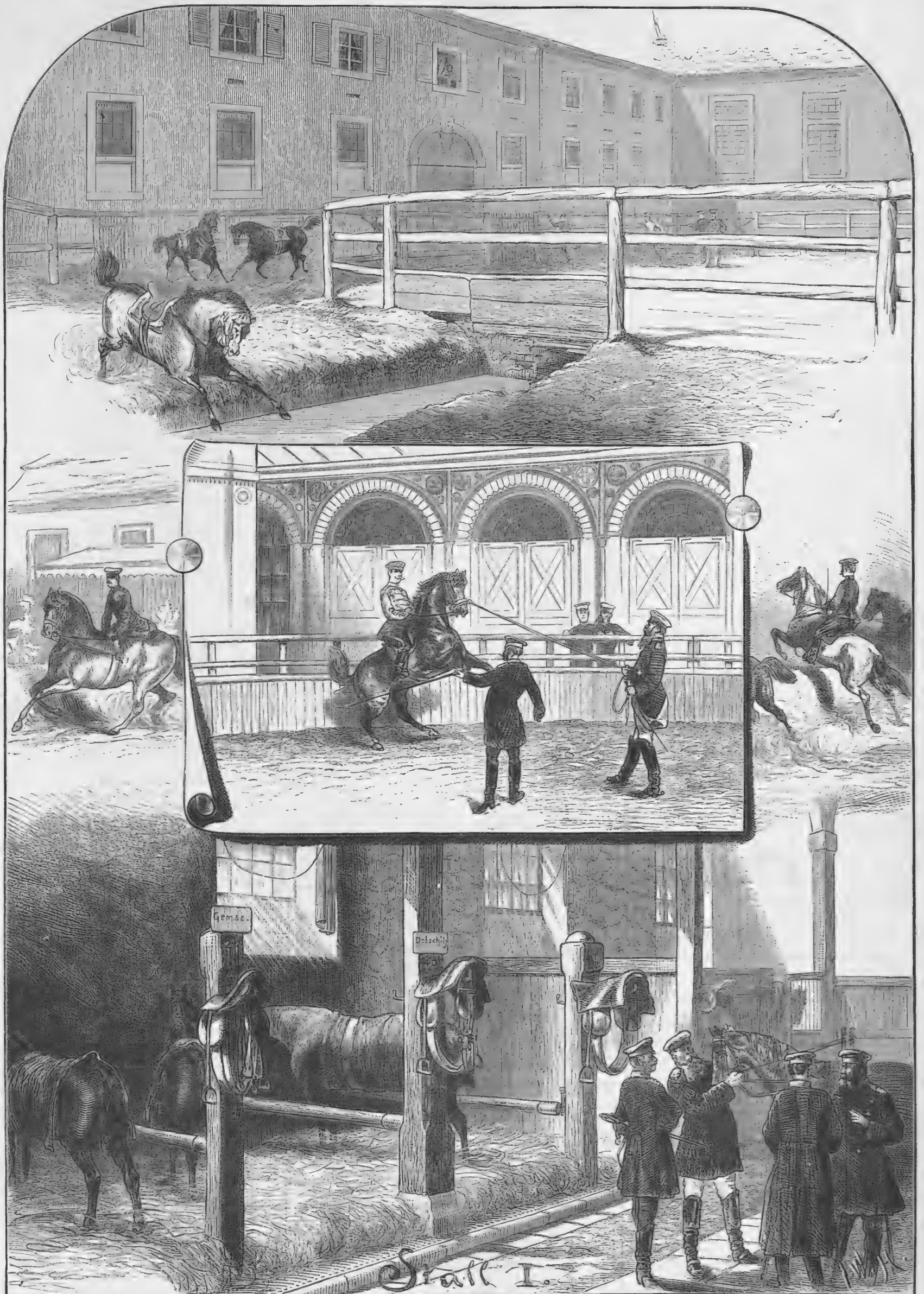
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The Editor will not be responsible for the return of rejected communications, and to this rule he can make no exception.

All business communications to be addressed to the MANAGER.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DRAMATIC.

S. F. ROBER.—John Moody was buried at Barnes in 1812, seven years after
the death of his wife.

T. C.—The site of the Curtain Theatre at Hoxton was recently known as
Holywell-lane.

WILLIAM SPILLER.—Mr. John Fawcett took his farewell benefit at Covent
Garden Theatre, on May 20th, 1830, playing Captain Copp in *Charles II.*

He died in 1837 at his residence near Botley, Hants, aged sixty-eight.

J. B. CHERRY.—*The Irishman in London* was written by Mr. Charles

Lyon, a Dublin schoolmaster.

ROBERT DRURY.—Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale* was based upon Thomas
Greene's novel; "Pandora, or, the History of Dorastus and Fawnia,"

which was published in 1838. It was played at Court in 1613, in which
year there is reason to suppose the MS. of it was destroyed in the fire

which burnt down the Globe Theatre on the Bankside (June 30), as the
copy licensed by Sir George Buck, then Master of the Revels, was

described as lost. It was not entered on the Stationers' books nor printed
until 1623. The exact date at which it was written is a mere matter of

conjecture about which various opinions exist. Several authorities give
1610 as the date of its production. The geographical blunders may have

arisen after Shakespeare's death. In an old edition, published at Oxford
and printed "at the Theatre," instead of Bohemia, an inland country, it is

printed Bithynia, which is a romantic and beautiful country of Asia Minor,
near Troy, and to the south of the Euxine sea; the editor agreeing

with Sir Thomas Hamner, who also adopted Bithynia, giving as his reason
that he would rather attribute so gross a blunder to the ignorance of

transcribers and printers than to Shakespeare. Charles Kean adopted
Bithynia, but there are other blunders quite as glaring in the play not so

readily explained. The times represented are Pagan, yet we have
Whitsun pastorals, Christian burial, and several anachronisms equally

absurd. Garrick condensed, altered, and added to the *Winter's Tale*.
John Kemble had a version of his own. The first to place it upon the

stage as Shakespeare wrote it was Charles Kean, at the Princess's Theatre,
with scenery and costume wonderful for its beauty and accuracy, in—
if we remember rightly—1856. It ran for one hundred and two nights.

GREEN ROOM.—In Shakespeare's time the speakers of the prologue used
always to appear in black. In Heywood's *Four Prentices of London*
(1604) this custom is referred to as follows:—

"PROLOGUE.

"Enter three in black coats, at three doors.

"1st. What mean you, my masters, to appear thus before your time? Do
you not know that I am the prologue? Do you not see this long black
velvet cloak upon my back? Have you not sounded thrice? Do you not
look pale, as fearing to be out in my speech? nay, have I not all the signs
of a prologue about me?" The custom of wearing these long black cloaks
of cloth or velvet continued, and was still common in the eighteenth
century. Robert Lloyd, in his "Familiar Epistle to George Coleman"
(1761), says:—

"With decent sables on his back
(Your prologuers all wear black).

And Garrick probably referred to it when he wrote:—

"Precede the play in mournful verse,
As undertakers stalk before the hearse."

G.—Doubtful. In Oxberry's "Actor's Budget" (1820), he pointed out that
some persons who had resided in Shakespeare's house, finding that all
their visitors desired to carry off some personal relic of the poet's, and
were willing to pay well for them, manufactured amongst other things a
number of chairs, which were one after the other disposed of "as the
identical chair in which Shakespeare had been accustomed to sit." It is
said that one of these was carried into Poland by the Princess Czartoryska,
who purchased it for three hundred pounds, and long preserved it as a
genuine relic. It is described by one who saw it as "a little plain
ordinary and whitish wooden chair," such as were then common in most
English cottages.

E. T. B.—If you do revive Thomas May's fine old play (*The Heir*) with a
good cast, we will gladly go so far to see it. It is a charming comedy,
full of tender poetical feeling and delicate expression. Do you know an
equally delightful comedy by the same author—*The Old Couple*? All
we know of Thomas May is the little Lord Clarendon has told us, who
says:—"His father spent the fortune to which he was born, so that he had
only an annuity left him, not proportionable to a liberal education; yet
since his fortune could not raise his fortune to his mind he brought his
mind down to his fortune, by a great modesty and humility in his nature,
which was not affected, but very well became an imperfection in his
speech, which was a great mortification to him, and kept him from entering
upon any discourse but in the company of his very friends." His parts
of nature and art were very good, as appears by his translation of Lucan
(none of the easiest work of that kind), and more by his supplement to
Lucan, which being entirely his own, for the learning, the wit, and the
language, may well be looked upon as one of the best epic poems in the
English language."

S. F. C.—In the actor, Thomas Betterton's "History of the English Stage,"
published in 1717, a copy of which will probably be found in the library of
the British Museum.

SPORTING.

H. L. T.—1. and 2. It would take more time than we can spare to answer
your first two questions. 3. He is free if there is no call upon him by
those who have retained his services for the season. He has retaining
fees from several owners who have first, second, and third calls upon him
according to priority of claim.

MEMPHIS.—We should say it was worth three times that sum.

R. G. P.—About one shilling and sixpence per acre for three months.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A BOOKWORM.—A folio edition of the old "Spanish Chronicle," by Perez
de Guzman's works was printed at Valencia in 1779, and that of Ayala
was printed at Madrid in the same year by the Historical Society of that
city. 2. Dr. Henry's "History of England" is a very useful work, in
which the civil, military, and domestic phases are dealt with in separate
divisions. It occupied twenty years of his life. You may often meet with
it at the second-hand book shops. 3. Lingard was a follower and admirer
of the Church of Rome, hence the evident partiality; but his history is
otherwise one of high repute.

FISHER.—It was a custom of Dauphiny to present a lady with a pike on the
thirteenth day after her confinement, together with a gold coin of a cer-
tain value on a silver salver. In other parts of France these were pre-
sented on the third day.

A. P. S.—The angel gold distributed amongst those who came to be
"touched" for the evil by King Charles II., amounted to five thousand a
year.

F. G. & R. S.—After the battle of Waterloo, Napoleon determined to
abolish the representative body and resume the Dictatorship; and it was,
when the session opened that Lafayette, ascending the tribune for the first
time in twenty years, delivered the memorable address you mention, the
result of which was that the Chamber declared their sessions permanent,
and all attempts to dissolve it high treason.

RICHARD STEEL.—It is a way of the foolish which prevails in all phases of
life; we can't help it, nor can you. Answer a fool according to his folly,
or, better still, perhaps, do not answer him at all.

YACHTSMAN.—The Challenger Lifeboat was invented by Mr. Richardson
and made the voyage from Liverpool to London in 1852. Its inventor
claimed for it all the points you name, and others not less important. It
was not very well received, and Mr. P. G. Hamerton in his "Painter's
Camp," referring to it, wrote:—"And is it not better to perish thus
respectably in a boat of the true nautical model, than to save one's
miserable life at the price of such a violation of established custom as this
revolutionary Mr. Richardson proposes? For what true Englishman
would basely save his life on a pair of tin pipes on a wretched, uncomfort-
able-looking raft? You would rather drown in dignity, reader—of course
you would."

N.B.—If you have undertaken the management of a theatre without the
requisite experience and knowledge you are naturally at the mercy of
those who wish to make capital out of your ignorance. If you are not
conscious of that ignorance, and permit yourself to drift to and fro with
the wind of varying opinions, or the officious meddling of persons whose
advice springs from their ignorance or a desire to serve their own personal
ends, nothing but confusion and final disaster can be the result.

M. J. BROWNE.—(1). M. Vaucanson was a member of the French Academie
Royale. His famous automaton duck quacked, waddled, gobbled up the
food placed before it, drank, and even muddled the water as living ducks
do, and ultimately appeared to eject the food it took in a digested state.
So exactly like the living animal was it that hardly a bone or feather in
the real bird was not to be found in the automaton, the radius, cubitus,
and humerus performing each their offices as in nature. His equally
wonderful automaton flute-player was exhibited at Paris in 1733. (2). The
automaton chess-player of 1769 was made by M. Wolfgang de Kempelin,
a Hungarian gentleman, and Aulic Counsellor of the Royal Chamber in
Vienna. It was exhibited at every European capital, and was a perfect
masterpiece of mechanism. It was exhibited in 1785 in London. De
Kempelin died in 1803.

CYPRUS.—1. Measuring from Astracan, a province in Asiatic Russia, to
Attock, the point at which a Russian invasion of India would most prob-
ably be attempted, the distance is not more than 1,500 miles. 2. The
Volga is navigable for a thousand miles from any point below N'shui
Novgorod, and supplies could be shipped for Astracan very readily. 3.
The passes of the Hindoo Koosh between Balk and Cabul—where the
enemy's troops would be concentrated—are practicable, although not
easily so, for six months in the year. The mountain passes and deserts
between Cabul and the Indus—painfully familiar to us during the
Afghan war—would offer serious difficulties to the invading force, but
would be no absolute obstruction. The cost of an invasion of India by
Russia would be tremendous, and that country is, we feel sure, not in a
position to incur it.

F. H. G.—We are unable to give you any information.

THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1878.

PRICES AT MIDDLE PARK.

THE sale incident to the dispersion of Mr. Blenkiron's
famous stud, which was brought to such a successful con-
clusion at Middle Park last week, presents so many
aspects of general interest, that we may be excused for
leaving the details to be dealt with elsewhere, which thus
clears the ground for touching upon the various points
leading up to so happy a result. We must decline to dis-
cuss the causes, motives, and reasons which have been
suggested by persons (more or less likely to be well-
informed) for the step taken by the owner of the Eltham
stud farm, for such considerations are quite beside our
present object of noting facts and phases in connection
with the closing scene; but we may be allowed, in passing,
to express a hope that the well-known homestead and its ac-
cessories may not be given over to the speculative builder,
but be taken in hand by some "person or persons" ready
and willing to retain the name of Middle Park among the
great breeding establishments of the kingdom. We trust
that Mr. Tattersall's somewhat mournful prediction, that
the meeting of Saturday would be the last at which he
would be called upon to officiate at Middle Park,
will not be realised; but that some one of enterprise and
genius may be found equal to the occasion of taking up
the broken thread anew, and of carrying on his venture for
many a long year to come. Of one fact we are well
assured, that there is no lack of capital forthcoming in
the cause of producing thoroughbred stock, if we may
judge from the splendid results of the recent sale; and
though blood yearlings have been lately depreciated
to a somewhat alarming extent, there are plenty of
capitalists who agree with Mr. Tattersall's remarks,

that the depression is but a temporary one, o
which we may already have seen the worst, the
rebound from which is likely to be attended by a
rise in prices as sudden and remarkable as in other
markets, which have experienced a rough time of it owing
to causes which operate against national prosperity in
"days of darkness and distress." Many were the augurs
of evil previous to the sale, at which it was prophe-
sied that "the foreigners" would have things all their own
way, and that England would be further drained of the
sinews of racing warfare, the weapons of which would
thus be turned against ourselves even to a greater extent
than at present. The prediction, indeed, may be con-
sidered as partly verified, for numerous lots were disposed
of for shipment to Germany, Austria, and other con-
tinental centres, of thoroughbred importation; but we
deny that the representatives of those countries took any-
thing more than their fair share in the cream of the col-
lection, which for the most part found its way into the
possession of wealthy breeders for private use and for
public sale at home. Indeed it was the subject of remark
that less judgment than usual was exhibited by the dele-
gates of continental powers in their selections from the
catalogue, and they entirely failed to show so bold a front
as at the sale of 1872, albeit a powerfully combined oppo-
sition was arrayed against them on that occasion,
whereas last week they were pitted only against individuals
instead of companies. Altogether we can trace about five-
and-twenty lots to "externals" of all nations, but though
this forms no inconsiderable proportion of the one hundred
and fifty lots offered, we rather fancy that England has
retained most of those gems of the first water, upon the
merits of which all good judges were agreed. It was but
natural that M. Cavaliero should wear down all opposition
for the sole, but magnificent specimen of the Cambriscan
blood was rendered doubly valuable by the performances
of Kincsem; and Austria was no less fortunate in the
choice made by her commissioner of the other lots which
fell to his nod. Germany was not quite so fortunate,
at least in our humble opinion; but then probably her
representative had not such a long purse to back him, and
times are worse in Fatherland even than here. The
remaining purchases made on behalf of individuals rather
than nations were such as we could better afford to lose;
and altogether it may be taken for granted that we have
not been greatly spoiled by the Egyptians (for we must
reckon the "colonies" as part of the mother country), and
most certainly not to the extent anticipated by the
prophets of ill. On the last occasion of the dispersion of
the Middle Park Stud, it will be remembered that from its
ruins arose the present Stud Company, and that heavy
purchases made on behalf of that confederation materially
assisted in raising and sustaining prices throughout the
four days then occupied by the sale. But nothing of the
sort was attempted last week, and this makes the average
realised still more extraordinary; and it will be seen by
an inspection of the returns that there were in fact no
large purchasers (with one or two exceptions perhaps),
but that the various lots were sown almost broadcast
through the land. Still it was remarkable how many of
our best known studs made no sign, or at any rate left no
mark when the hammer fell; and while the northern
establishments, such as Neasham Hall, Moorlands, Tick-
hill, Malton, and others of less repute failed to send
delegates, other large concerns, such as Her Majesty's,
the Stud Company, Yardley, &c., were also conspicuous by
their absence from the return list, at least their recognised
commissioners were content to be merely spectators of
what was going on. It was, of course, shrewdly con-
jectured on whose behalf certain of the big guns among
commissioners kept up such a heavy and successful fire; but
altogether a good many big and flourishing concerns held
entirely aloof, which makes the results still more extra-
ordinary if we regard them in connection with recent com-
plaints so rife touching the tightness of money, the falling
off in "middle class" purchasers of blood stock, and the
generally unsatisfactory dénouements of yearling sales.

Thus far our remarks must be taken to apply only to
the mares, but of the foals we must say a few words,
because if their dams realized extraordinary prices, the
bantlings may be said to have attained to a still more re-
markable average. As everyone interested in breeding
topics is fully aware, last spring witnessed such a whole-
sale fatality among thoroughbred sucklings as we almost
shudder to recall. The consequence is that many gaps in
yearling ranks had to be filled up by requisitions upon
any young stock which might come into the market, and
hence the "ugly rush" (if we may be allowed the ex-
pression) upon the foals at the late sale at Middle Park. We
cannot help thinking that the prices given there were, in
the great majority of cases at least, preposterous; for
however well it may suit owners of racehorses to give
almost yearling prices for foals (and perhaps they may as
well be purchased at that age as later in life), we cannot
for the life of us comprehend how it will pay caterers of
yearlings for the public to speculate so wildly, a term which
might well be intensified now that the tendency of prices
is emphatically in a downward direction. However, these
gentlemen must be presumed to know their own business
best, and it may be deemed presumption in us to stigmatise
their proceedings as otherwise than "judgmental," though
we cannot help speaking out our mind about the matter.
Certainly some bargains which could not be deemed other-
wise than dear were cheerfully concluded, and all that we
can do is to offer our best wishes for the future of those so
well disposed of, and to express a sincere hope that we
hold an entirely mistaken view of the matter in a
financial sense.

On the sale of the stallions, which presented so many
remarkable features, we have no space to dilate, but the
subject is one worthy of closer consideration, and we shall
return to it next week, inasmuch as it suggests numerous
points which have hitherto not furnished food for discus-
sion.

WORMS IN A TOY TERRIER.—"21, East View, Preston,
Oct. 25, 1872.—I administered one-third of a 'Naldire's Powder' to my toy
terrier, and within half an hour he passed a good many Worms, some
upwards of a foot long.—John Falls, Captain 8th Regiment."—Naldire's
Powders are sold by all chemists, and by BARCLAY & SONS, 95, Farringdon-
street, London.—[ADVT.]

HOW WILD FOWL COME TO MARKET. By "WILDFOWLER."

No. I.—YACHT GUNNING.

A WITTY writer once said that "one half of the world did not know how the other half lived." There never was a truer saying, and as regards professional wild-fowl shooters, the saying might be stretched a few points more, and one might state with perfect truth, that perhaps not one person in ten thousand knows how wild fowl come to be brought from the fens, from the rivers, and from the sea, to the poulterers' shops in towns; and, probably, not even that one person could tell how and where the shooters live. The cause of this almost extraordinary want of information on these subjects lies simply in the fact that the men have, perforce, to carry on their calling in out-of-the-way places, where few people have a chance of mixing with them and of learning anything concerning their mode of life and the devices they have to resort to in order to circumvent the fowl.

For instance, I have often been much amused by the astonishment which is almost invariably expressed by people when they are told how ducks are bagged at sea. A friend of mine, to whom shooting in the fens was extremely familiar, could not understand my explanations at all, and his remarks may be taken as perfectly typical. "Do you mean to tell me," he said, "that people can get close enough to shoot the birds on the open sea? If so, they are by far easier to reach there than I ever gave them credit for, and I ought to know something about them by this time, considering that I have shot ducks every season for the last twenty years!"

That is just it. When the birds come to the fens they are almost invariably extremely wary, as they dread every bit of covert about the place, and well they might, since every accessible place of vantage in a marsh is pretty sure to hide a gunner. But at sea, and in proper season, many things tend to render the birds more easily got at. First of all, the weather, to be highly propitious, must be uncommonly severe. When the inland ponds and ditches are covered with a thick crust of ice, and when snow has covered the landscape for a week or so with its white mantle, then the birds may be reasonably expected to be uncommonly sharp-set, and therefore it will take a good deal to disturb them when they have once settled on the sea for rest and a little occasional food, such as that which they may find by diving for, or which they may pick up on the top of the waves. Then, the stormy winds, by buffeting the flocks and companies hither and thither without ceasing for days together, so effectually tire out their individual members, that they care not about taking to their wings, unless positively compelled to do so. Finally, as regards the absence of covert, which is necessarily at sea a prominent feature, the very nature of the birds' surroundings has a tendency to make them somewhat indifferent to the approach of craft, simply because for one solitary wild-fowling yacht, or punt, which they may have to dread, hundreds of other craft pass by them without molesting them, and this, of course, makes the birds far more confident than they otherwise would be. See, for instance, on the East coast in winter time how the flocks fare at sea. Steamers, barges, fishing-smacks, colliers, coasters, yachts, revenue-cutters, pilot-boats, &c., continually sail by and near them. At first, when the flocks have just come from the North to settle near our shores, I dare say the birds must feel rather scared when they see such an amount of traffic going on about them, and, probably, the first week or two they do a great deal of shifting, in order to avoid what they at first must fancy might prove dangerous to them; but at last they do get accustomed to it all; habit is second nature, and soon they pay but little attention to the many sailing craft about them. Indeed, their wonderful tameness in hard weather is a matter of unceasing comment on the part of all persons who witness it. Any customary visitor to sea-ports must have noticed that whenever the weather became extremely cold and rough, many birds would congregate even in harbours and show no dread whatsoever of passers-by, boatmen, &c. I have seen, for instance, in Kingstown harbour, four or five years ago, great northern divers, coots, and black ducks disporting themselves within five-and-twenty yards of the jetties, and enjoying themselves thoroughly there.

Well, then, it is pretty clear that, in suitable weather, the shooters at sea have far better chances to score than the uninitiated would be likely to imagine. In fact, everything then contributes to make approaching the birds a tolerably easy performance. On the other hand, it must not be imagined that they may be approached within such short ranges that any ordinary shoulder guns would have a chance of doing anything satisfactory. No. It is not quite so easy as all that. I have done a great deal of wild-fowl shooting everywhere, and as regards yacht shooting, I have kept my own little wild-fowl yacht for years, and have also done plenty of it in several of my friends' yachts, therefore my experience is pretty tolerably extensive, and I have come to the conclusion that the average distance at which wild-fowl at sea will rise before a yacht in very cold weather ranges between 60 and 120 yards; therefore an ordinary shoulder gun (except one chances to hit a bird among the lot) is likely to do nothing beyond scaring the fowl. This being so, heavy and large-bore guns are there a *sine qua non*, and I have from experience found that single breechloaders, 4-bore, full-choked and well-loaded, will do as much execution as is needed. Such guns sweep well up to 120 yards in a flock, and at a distance of from 60 to 100 yards (the usual range one fires at) they are certain death to a good many of the "downy" customers, if the said customers are thickly congregated. As regards the very loud reports of such heavy artillery, they generally disturb other flocks, if they are within a mile, in moderately quiet weather, and it is desirable, whenever possible, to fire with a smokeless and reportless powder. Now, there have been several such powders lately introduced to the shooting public; among these the most prominent were the gun-cotton powder and the Schultze gunpowder. The former is very fickle and dangerous; the Schultze is remarkably steady, and is more powerful than ordinary gunpowder to the best of my knowledge. Moreover, it emits but little smoke, and that little is very thin and quickly vanishes. Then, again, it does not affect gun-barrels as gun-cotton does. Neither can it explode spontaneously, as gun-cotton occasionally takes it into its head to do. I therefore, from all this, think that the Schultze powder is bound to supersede all other kinds of gunpowders, and for wild-fowl shooting there is nothing better.

Now, with proper guns, proper ammunition, and a well-found small yacht, how is one to proceed in order to overreach the birds? This, the following narrative will show:—We were on the Blackwater in the beginning of January. The wind was blowing a regular North-Easter, the earth was frost-bound, snow covered the ground, the sea looked muddy, and the sky was threatening and squally, and in fact, as we sailed out of the harbour, a few flakes of snow were already falling. We wrapped thick rugs around our legs, we put on our great coats, with collars up, and we pulled our fur caps right down to our shoulders, for the cold was piercing, and the wind terribly sharp. I was with two professionals, and as the fowl were known to be abundant at sea, we were off for a "try." This excursion, therefore, may be considered as typical of the way in which all these professional trips are conducted, with this difference, that, as I had, naturally enough, stipulated that things should be managed as I liked, since I had chartered the men and their boat, we occasionally stopped to pick up a single bird, of little or no value to the men, but interesting

to me; whereas, had the men been alone, and on their "own hook" they would have sailed only to "companies" or to "flocks."

To begin with, then, we saw a great many small shore birds, but although several flocks of them passed close to us, I did not fire at them, as it was not worth while doing so; but opposite a wide creek about thirty curlews came together across the estuary, flying in Indian file, and as I was hid forward in the hatchway and the jib and foresail almost completely prevented the lot from seeing me, they did not mind us, and I had a fine shot at them with one of my 4-bore guns. On the report, Dick, who was below, popped his head up to see what it was about; and when he saw three curlews dead and another one fluttering helplessly on the water, he went aft and took the tiller whilst his brother jumped into the dinghy and rowed away to pick up the birds. That done, the lad came back, and we resumed our course. We sailed a couple of miles without killing anything, although I fired several shots, but unsuccessfully. Finally, near the last creek, I saw three teal coming up towards us, and as we stood in their way they passed right overhead, when a 4-bore cartridge settled one of them and it fell almost into the dinghy astern. How the two others escaped seemed to us a miracle, but they evidently had not been hit at all. Whilst we were talking the matter over, a large V-shaped flock of geese made its appearance, and forthwith Dick and I took up the big guns; but they passed a great deal too high. They went towards the Wallet, and we lost sight of them at the Point. There were then many birds about. In fact, turn whichever way we would, there we could see them by twos and threes, and in companies of eight, ten, or more on the wing, and they all seemed very unsettled. I had several shots at divers, which were pretty numerous, and which allowed us to get close to them, and I bagged three in good style, much to Dick's inward sorrow, for the birds not being marketable, and he not caring about making a collection, considered this a sort of waste of time and of powder and shot, and no doubt in his heart of hearts he thought me a great donkey; but I did not see why I should not enjoy myself as I thought fit, and, to be candid, I think all these little interludes lend a great deal of fun to the sport. Picking up a bird (sometimes a rare one, too) in that way is as good practice and good fun, I fancy, as working up to a shy flock; but, of course, the men look upon the value of what they shoot not upon the sport they get, hence the difference of opinion between them and amateurs.

Howbeit, when we reached West Mersea, we took our usual stations in earnest, for there business was to begin. Being blessed with a very keen sight, I was offered the forward station in the fore-castle, and took it with pleasure. The hatchway was open, so that I could pop below at a moment's notice, and by standing on the lockers in the fore-castle I had then my shoulders and head clear out of the cabin, and could fire in almost every direction without much trouble. I had my two long single 4-bores by my side, and my cartridge-bag was below, near my feet, on a seat, out of reach of the spray which was then flying about "considerable." The smack laboured very heavily in the rough sea, and it therefore made my footing far more secure to be thus half confined below, because I could not possibly be pitched overboard, as I had nearly been more than once before. Dick was in the cockpit aft, and had rigged the heavy swivel gun over our port bow. Moreover, a long single muzzle-loader stood ready loaded and at full cock by his side; so that, between us two, it looked long odds that some birds would, ere long, come aboard.

"See any birds about, sir?" inquired he presently, whilst lighting his pipe.

"By all that is good!" I exclaimed, popping down and collaring a gun, "there are three within a hundred yards of us, and right ahead of us," for I had just caught sight of their long necks bobbing over the waves, and, stooping under the foresail, I kept my eyes on them. The smack rolled to starboard, and went on; then rolled to port, and sailed on again; the birds all the while heading up the wind. I shoved the gun's muzzle forward and covered the leader, and when we got within sixty yards the moment they "flapped" I pulled, killing two on the spot, and maiming the third. We picked up the lot, not without trouble, as the "cripple" was so lively that we had to tack and fire a cripple gun at him, and then we went on. Our next crack was at a score of widgeons, and these were wonderfully shy, but when we had pressed on them as much as we could and were as near them as could be managed, John turned her broadside on, as though going for a tack, and Dick, aiming at the lot with his *fusil de rampart*, which contained about three-quarters of a pound of swan shot, let fly, and with such dire effect that he broke the recoil rope that held the stanchion, and got in consequence thereof a rare crack on the cheek and shoulder, but seven birds were dead, and two more, severely hit, settled again, after flying a short distance. We picked up the dead ones and went after the others, and they led us a pretty dance, but eventually we got them, and we then repaired the stanchion. Dick's teeth were rather loose on the right side of his jaw he averred but the success of his shot acted as a sovereign panacea for that ill and we heard but little of it. Thus we went on, tacking about along the island, then across to Sale's Point, then along the Bradwell shore, then back again and towards the Wallet, firing some twenty shots during the day and bagging, all told, about thirty birds. There were hundreds, nay thousands, I might say, and I was surprised to see so few boats out in chase. I only saw two besides ours, and I need not say that in an estuary five or six miles wide and eight or ten long, ten boats would not have interfered with each other's working.

Well, as night drew nigh and we were at the mouth of the Colne, my fellows opined that the nearest place to go to being Brightlingsea, our best plan would be to sail there, as they wanted to forward their fowl to town. We accordingly shaped our course to the North-East, and had to tack over a dozen times before we could fairly make the Waterside.

We arrived there at dusk. I picked up what birds I wanted, the men packed up the rest in two hampers, ready labelled, and took them to the station—and that is how our day's spoils "found their way to market."

CUB-HUNTING.

FEW of us realise the full meaning of those two words. We read in one sporting paper or the other, that the Quorn, the Belvoir, the Brocklesby, and other packs have commenced cub-hunting; that cubs are plentiful, or the reverse, that the young hounds are doing well (if they are not we never hear of it); but few of us think of the care, trouble, and anxiety that for two months at least are expended on what, without a blush, we may call the science of cub-hunting, while we are away on the moors or the Continent, yachting at Cowes, or flirting at Scarborough. Yet on these eight weeks depends the success or failure, we will not say of the ensuing season entirely, though that puts in a strong claim on one side of the question, but of many seasons to come.

When we meet the Quorn at Kirby Gate, the Pytchley at Misterton, or a provincial pack at its favourite fixture, few of us think how many hours of anxiety have been spent during the autumn months to bring the year's entry to such a state of order and subjection that they can be trusted to hunt.

Many hours of patient kennel discipline have been spent in inculcating the grand secret of the whole system, "You must obey." Time after time have the names of the youngsters been called over, as they were shifted from one yard to another; care-

fully coupled they have been exercised on the road, and "put to" the huntsman in the paddock, in order that he may have them as handy as possible when cub-hunting begins. Then, when he puts them into the still leafy woodlands, comes the crucial test of his breeding and management. His hopes are either to be realised or dashed to the ground, and well for him is it that the young ones probably make their first acquaintance with the cubs under the eye of himself and whips alone. We little think as we canter to covert on the 1st of November how many hours have been spent in deep and dreary woodlands by the hunt servants, in order that we may enjoy the perfection of the chase over the open. Little we reckon as we mount our hack at ten a.m. to go at the rate of twelve or fourteen miles an hour to the fixture, of the August and September mornings, when at sunrise, if not earlier, huntsmen and whips are in the saddle, and while the dew hangs heavy on leaf and grass, the cubs are startled from their repose, and the woodlands echo to hound and horn.

These initiatory proceedings are to few people's taste in the present day, and unlike our ancestors, who literally went cub-hunting all the season as regarded their time of meeting, we prefer to have the ground well aired before starting for the future. No doubt there was more real sport in their style of business. They liked to see the fine-nosed hound touch on the drag, and inch by inch work the foxes up to kennel, and then away, with the whole pack ringing out a chorus in his rear. This is now only to be seen in cub-hunting, and then if it is properly conducted, the crash is stopped as the old fox breaks, and the pack are given to understand that their business is over, which is to teach cubs that safety lies in flight, and help bend the youngsters into blood with such as have not pluck enough to receive the lesson in the spirit in which it is meant; in fact, cub-hunting is to the regular season what the rehearsals are to a new play, and as few who were not enthusiasts in the matter would care to go through a series of the latter, so there are few men now who even know the nature of cub-hunting. All high-bred hounds will hunt something; now the time has come in which they must be taught what to hunt.

Beckford, the great authority on the chase, says, "I begin to hunt with my young hounds in August. The employment of my huntsman the preceding months is to keep his old hounds healthy and quiet, by giving them proper exercise, and to get his young hounds forward. They are called over often in the kennel—it uses them to their names, to the huntsman and to the whipper-in. They are walked out often among sheep, hares, and deer—it uses them to a rate. Sometimes he turns down a cat before them, which they hunt up to and kill (there was no Mr. Colam in those days), and when the time of hunting approaches he turns out badgers or young foxes, taking out some of the steadiest of his old hounds to lead them on—this teaches them to hunt. He draws small coverts and furze brakes with them, to use them to a halloo! and to teach them obedience. If they find improper game and hunt it they are stopped and brought back, and as long as they will stop at a rate they are not chastised. Obedience is all that is required of them till they have been sufficiently taught the game they are to hunt, an obstinate deviation from it afterwards is *never pardoned*. It is an observation of the Marchese Beccaria, that 'La certezza di un castigo, beuche moderato, fara sempre una maggiore impressione, che non il timore di un altro piu terribile, unito colla speranza, della impunita.' When they begin to hunt they are first taken into a large covert of my own, which has many ridings cut in it, and where young foxes are turned out every year on purpose for them. Here it is they are taught the scent they are to follow, are encouraged to pursue it, and are stopped from every other. Here they are blooded to fox. I must also tell you that as foxes are plentiful in this covert the principal earth is not stopped, and the foxes are checked back, or some of them let in, as may best suit the purpose of blooding. After they have been hunted a few days in this manner, they are then sent to some distant coverts, and some old hounds are added to them; there they continue to hunt until they are taken into the pack, which is seldom later than the beginning of September, for by that time they will have learned what is required of them, and they seldom give much trouble afterwards." Mr. Beckford must be looked on as a lucky man all round: firstly, he had no occasion to put forward a large entry; secondly, he had coverts in his own hands, where he could do quite as he liked with the foxes; and thirdly, as no doubt he often said from the pulpit, he could get regularly to work as early as September. What a happy man; no doubt his field was as large in September as in February, and the hours of meeting were only regulated by the sun. Men went out to hunt then, and loved the drag up to their foxes' kennel, the keen morning air, and, above all, the music of the chase. One of the oldest masters of hounds in England once told us, "My time is from August to November. I can see some hunting then; but it is all over when the crowd come out."

Lord Henry Bentinck says: "Old Dick Burton was the best hand at breaking a pack of hounds from hares and teaching them to draw, upon which so much depends. He always drew his woods *up the wind*, throwing his hounds in fifty or sixty yards from the wood, and allowing them to spread, so that every hound should be busy with his head down, looking for his fox, and had them in his front, making noise enough to cheer them and enable them to know where he was, and in cub-hunting made the hounds find their cub for themselves; would not have him hollod at first across the side. His principle was to break his puppies by themselves, showing them all the riot he could in the summer, and drilling them severely, but never allowing a whip to flog them after they had escaped to his heels, or to flog them when coming out of a wood and cutting them off. After being well drilled, he would take them amongst the cubs and smash up a litter of cubs, blooding them up to their eyes to make them forget their punishment, and to care for nothing but a fox. Hounds being unsteady from hares when foxes are plentiful is entirely the fault of the handling. The highest praise that can be given to a huntsman is for a fool to say, 'We had a great run, and killed our fox.' As for the huntsman, he might have been in bed. A huntsman's first boast should be that all his hounds required was to be taken to the covert side and taken home again."

Such is the recorded opinion of one of the greatest, if not the greatest, sportsmen of the latter half of the present century, and this cleverness of a pack depends almost solely on the work that is done in cub-hunting. A great mistake is often made by huntsmen greedy of blood, in killing so many cubs, that they come to blank days in regular hunting. Foxes must be educated as well as hounds, and especially in these game-preserving days, when they have not to travel for a living, must be taught to fly. Hence cubs must not be headed back when willing to leave a covert, unless very much in want of blood, but the hounds turned back on to another that will not break.

Many thoughtless people go out cub-hunting, and like to get a gallop over the open. It is a great mistake, and unfair to the body of subscribers thus to anticipate sport and kill good foxes. We remember once being told of the wonderful sport a certain pack had during the month of October, and the foxes they had killed. Our reply was, "You will have plenty of blank days in the regular season," and, unfortunately for them, we were right. You cannot have your cake and eat it too in fox-hunting any more than in other things. The proper conduct of the important business of cub-hunting is the key to a successful season or the reverse; the value of a pack of hounds, and consequently the likelihood of benefiting a whole neighbourhood by bringing an influx of visitors year after year to spend money therein.



A. PRETTY BRACE.



W. P. Smith

RATTLING THE CUBS.—(See page 43.)

FAMOUS DRAMATISTS.

THOMAS OTWAY.

On the third of March at Trotting, in the great year of Oliver Cromwell's "Crowning Mercy"—1651—the Rev. Humphrey Otway, rector of Woolbeding, a little place close to the ancient town of Midhurst in Sussex, was presented with a son, whom he named Thomas.

When the boy was old enough he was sent to the famous Grammar School of Bishop Wykeham, at Winchester, to be one of the seventy scholars there in training for New College, Oxford.

In 1669, nine years after Charles Stuart's "Crowning Mercy," Thomas Otway came to Oxford, not as he should have come to William of Wykeham's fine College, where the grand old founder's crosier was so reverently preserved, but as a commoner or pensioner of Christ's Church. The year of his arrival was the memorable one in which Archbishop Sheldon's theatre, designed by Sir Christopher Wren after that of Marcellus at Rome, was formally opened. We can fancy, although it is not on record, what this youth of eighteen thought of its stately Corinthian pillars, carvings, and gilded statues, and how his neck ached with gazing up at the bewilderingly marvellous allegorical painting executed on the flat ceiling by Robert Streater, the King's Sergeant Painter. And we can imagine how, as his eyes wandered over the crowd of half-naked figures in the feather-bed clouds of the period, he found it difficult to recognise the various things of which they were symbolical, namely, prudence, fortitude, eloquence, rhetoric, logic, theology, the gospel, mosaical law, honour, pleasure, mathematics, truth, faith, demonstration, astronomy, arithmetic, optics, geometry, envy, rapine, brutality, music, divine poesy, history, tragedy, comedy, printing, architecture, &c., &c. In those days only doctors and Masters of Arts were permitted after a certain hour to be in the Oxford taverns, where they revelled the night away in noisy carousals and wild drinking bouts. The scholars were restricted to a life of studious work and hard, coarse fare, and, as Lewis Holberg, the great Danish dramatist and author, who visited Oxford, says, if you went out after ten o'clock at Oxford, it was difficult to imagine you were in the midst of a populous city, so complete was the solitude, so profound the silence that reigned around you. The proctors on each evening visited every part of the city, entering taverns and houses of ill fame in search of stray students, on whom, if found, they inflicted heavy fines and impositions. Holberg says, however:—"I remember the students were often caught in our tavern, but whenever a superior graduate was present they boldly told the proctors that they were in the company of Masters of Arts, upon which the censors immediately retired." We fear young Otway was often found under the protecting wing of the "jovial and gentlemanly-like" M.A.'s, for he left the University without a degree, and appears to have never afterwards been without a taste for dissipation and coarse debauchery. Langbain says, "He was a jovial companion and a great lover of the bottle, and particularly of Punch, the last thing he made before his death being an excellent song on that liquor."

How, when, and why Thomas Otway imbibed his love of the stage and desire to be a player, no one has told, but he left college possessed therewith, and went to London for their gratification. While he was a boy the old theatres had stood empty and desolate, haunted by ghosts of dead actors and poets, ghastly shadows of men who had been found dead by lonely roadsides or in wretched garrets, piously starved to death; or bloody and grim, dead or dying of their wounds, on English battlefields. But now the playhouses were thronged with merry playgoers, the flags fluttering, and their trumpets sounding thrice for the commencement of the play every day as regularly as they did in the palmiest days of Shakspeare and the poet players. Old playgoers were then alive who had seen those days, and who shook their grey heads wisely when younger men, speaking contemptuously of them as rude and old, pointed from the Globe and Blackfriars to the nobler playhouses just completed in Lincoln's Inn Fields and Covent Garden, where Thomas Betterton, imitating the Greeks, had for the first time introduced scenery, and where beautiful women were for the first time playing women's parts. The drama had indeed awakened from its long, feverish, and restless slumber, but those old greybeards knew, as we know, that it awakened, as Sampson did on the lap of Delilah, degraded and shorn of its strength.

Of the exact year in which Otway came to London we have no record, but we have reason for believing that it was 1671, and that he was very poor. Of course his first visits would be paid to the playhouses, of which there were then but two. One was the grand new theatre by the Thames in Dorset-garden, designed by Sir Christopher Wren, where the Duke's servants played under Charles D'Avenant and "sober, serious" Thomas Betterton, the great Shakspearian actor. The other was the grand new theatre, also designed by Sir Christopher Wren, in Covent-garden, abutting upon Drury-lane, where the Poet Laureate, Dryden, was the chief playwright, and where the King's servants—Joe Haines, that low comedian of high repute, amongst them—played in their rich liveries of scarlet and silver, under the management of Charles Hart, who had been one of the old "boy actresses," and Edward Kynaston, who had been Betterton's fellow-apprentice under Rhode, the Charing Cross bookseller. Dick Kynaston, as he was familiarly called, had also been famous as a performer of female parts, and had played Juliet to Betterton's Romeo. It was he who kept King Charles and the stage waiting while he was shaving for his part. Hart commanded a regiment of horse in Prince Rupert's fighting corps, and was Nellie Gwynn's first lover.

Imagine Otway in London. Wandering west through Temple Bar, we see him in the Strand a rugged semi-rustic broad highway, with on one side the high walls of gardens surrounding nobleman's mansions. Turning away from these, he wanders past sloughs and pitfalls to Craven House, in Drury-lane, and so on to the theatre. From thence, passing thinly-scattered houses, he finds his way to Covent-garden, and walks down the fashionable promenade of beaus and belles, now called Bow-street. He crosses fields and gardens belonging to Westminster Abbey, and so regains the Strand; passes the pretty little village of Charing, and pauses where pasture lands mark what is now Pall-mall. Here he walks down and up the long and new fashionable promenade, with the rows of freshly planted trees on either hand, pausing to admire that noble mansion, Schomberg House, and noting with curiosity its nearest neighbour amongst the half-dozen or so of houses scattered about amongst fine old timber, lawns, and flower gardens, with the green fields stretching around them: for this is Nellie Gwynne's residence, in handy proximity to Marlborough House where the King lives. It is then two o'clock, time for a late dinner at the "quality" hour, before the play, which begins at four. Otway must see the actors, amongst whom he hopes soon to take rank, and, having dined, probably at "a threepenny ordinary," where poets most did congregate, makes his way to the play. He goes in early with the citizens and middle-class people to the King's Theatre, and finds a thin audience, the bulk of the playgoers being at the other house, where the scenery and music are so attractive. The piece

is a popular new tragedy, translated and adapted by Charles Cotton from the stately French of P. Corneille.*

The audience, as usual, is a noisy one. And it becomes noisier towards the close of the evening, when be-laced and be-feathered gallants come rolling in, loudly laughing and talking, from the neighbouring coffee-houses, all excited by drink or drunk. They joke with the orange wenches; they comment aloud upon the masked and tittering ladies in the boxes; they chaff the actresses on the stage; they coarsely insult the quiet and orderly. Now and then quarrelling amongst themselves, they lug out their swords, threatening to end some paltry brawl in bloodshed. Otway is not surprised to learn that it is a very usual thing to hear women shrieking as the clash of weapons mingle with shouts and oaths, or to see ghastly blood-stained men carried out in a dying condition, as he repeats mentally Dryden's lines—

Next in the playhouse spare your precious lives,
Think, like good Christians, on your bairns and wives,
Think on your souls: but by your lugging forth
It seems you know how little they are worth.

The play over, Otway, dreaming of the noble gestures and king-like dignity of that masterly actor, Kynaston, goes home to his obscure lodging by torchlight, it being winter. The tempestuous and drunken adjourn to the taverns or coffee-houses, or to carry out some wild frolic, in which damaged property, broken skulls, or worse, will surely figure. The actresses have gone away in their hackney coaches, and are glad to reach home safely. Those who live in the neighbouring houses will be kept awake half the night by the clatter of the hackneys, and the noises of reeling bacchanals, yelling scraps of songs as they go their riotous road, beating doors, and breaking windows, by way of winding up the night's diversions.

How soon after Otway's arrival in London he adopted the then most ignominious of professions and made his first appearance on the stage, is unrecorded. The *Era Almanack*, in its carefully compiled record of first appearances, names it not, and much earlier authorities are equally uncommunicative. It was doubtless at first as what was called a volunteer—one who received no salary—as we learn from Colley Cibber. Dr. Johnson merely says that Otway "found himself unable to gain any reputation upon the stage," and Downer, in his *Roscius Anglicanus*, tells us that he was on the stage in 1672, and that he failed while playing the King in Mrs. Behn's *Forced Marriage*, supposed to be the first play this lady ever wrote. He was a young man of an attractive appearance, light-hearted, merry, and brilliant in his conversation. The gay and dissolute noblemen who passed their evenings on the stage and in the green-room took notice of him, the actresses were probably kindly to him, and the actors, who are usually more generous to their unsuccessful brethren than to the successful, prevented him from starving. In Langbain's "Lives and Characters of the English Dramatic Poets," he says, "Tho' at first he—Otway—met with but little encouragement here but what a small allowance and salary from the playhouse afforded; for he was first a player." He probably hung about the stage after he had failed upon it as an actor, making himself humbly useful in one way or another, until 1675, when, being then twenty-five years of age, he made his first appearance as a playwright, producing his first and worst tragedy, *Alcibiades*. This was another of the fashionable adaptations from the French, the original being Corneille's *Nepos and Plutarch*, not, as Dr. Johnson surmised, the *Alcibiade* of Palaprat. It was played at the King's Theatre.

In the following year he wrote a tragedy for the Duke's Theatre, called *Don Carlos, Prince of Spain*. He was then in such a state of extreme poverty and misery that its great success—it ran the astonishing length of thirty nights—must have been welcomed with the wildest joy. He became cleanly, decently clad, and properly fed once more, and was once more at home in "good" society. "Men of wit," says one of his biographers, "received at that time no favour from the great but that of sharing their riots, from which they were dismissed again to their own narrow circumstances. Thus they languished in poverty without the support of eminence." The gay coxcombs and spendthrifts crowding about Otway he joined with fatal readiness in their drunken orgies, reckless dissipation, and desperate gambling. But with him this could not last long, and he had probably relapsed into his former state of poverty when troops were raised for war with France, and a natural son of Charles II., the Earl of Plymouth, procured Otway a cornet's commission in a regiment under marching orders for Flanders.

The people of England were just then regarding their much too "merry" sovereign with darkling doubts and keen-eyed suspicions. Debates were hot in the Commons on the state of matters in that unfortunate land in which the outcast Charles Stuart had once found such honourable shelter and protection. Englishmen generally cried out loudly for the defence of the Netherlands, to which the selfish and ungrateful King, who fancied he saw his future personal advantage in the savage conquests of the French, remained, so long as he dared, deaf, meeting all their petitions and demands with evasive promises, halting excuses, or tyrannical adjournments of Parliament. So there was great joy in this country when Charles at last recalled his soldiers from the French service, raised troops for Flanders, married his niece (the Princess Mary) to William Prince of Orange, and concluded (January 16th, 1678) an alliance with the States of Holland.

Otway probably embarked in the month of March following, and sailed away under the Duke of Moutmouth to assist the Dutchmen's Spanish allies in the defence of Ostend. Before the end of that year, however, peace was concluded with France, and the newly-raised troops being disbanded, Otway was once more cast upon his own resources. Somewhere about this time that handsome coward, John Wilmot Lord Rochester, the unscrupulous deceiver of women, who boasted that for five years he was never sober, and whose entire life was one long outrage upon decency and virtue, wrote in his "Session of the Poets" thus coarsely of poor Otway:—

Tom Otway came next, Tom Shadwell's dear zany,†
And swears for heroics he writes best of any;
Don Carlos his pockets so amply had filled
That his minge was cured, and his lice were all killed.
But Apollo had seen his face on the stage,
And prudently did not think fit to engage
The scum of a playhouse for the prop of an age.

The first fruits of Otway's return were two translations of favourite French dramas, probably done abroad, and an original comedy called *Friendship in Fashion*, which was produced at the Duke's Theatre in the same year and was hissed off the stage—Dr. Johnson says because of its obscenity and immorality. If so, knowing as we do the kind of comedies then popular, it must indeed have been diabolically bad. In 1680 appeared at the Duke's Theatre Otway's tragedy of *The Orphan*; or, *the Unhappy Marriage*,† one of the two really great plays upon which our dramatic poet's fame will always rest. In that same year he produced *The History and Fall of Caius Marius*, in which the plot of Shakspeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, with more than half its scenes, were impudently

* We still adapt from the French, and Charles Cotton (M.P.) still affects poetry and the drama.

† Tom Shadwell, the comedian and poet, whom Dryden attacked so savagely.

† It is on record that the plot of the *Orphan* was based upon an event in the life of Charles Brandon, afterwards Duke of Suffolk, as recorded in a scarce pamphlet, called "English Adventures," published in 1667.

embodied, but not, as some have stated, without acknowledgment and apologies. It was played at the Duke's Theatre, and in the prologue Otway and Shakspeare are referred to by the former in the following lines:—

Though much the most unworthy of the throng,
Our this day's poet fears he's done him wrong;
Like greedy beggars, that steal sheaves away,
You'll find he's rifled him of half a play:
Among his baser dross you'll see it shine,
Most beautiful, amazing, and divine.

In 1681 was published a comedy called *The Soldier's Fortune*, partially borrowed from Molière's *École des Maris* and partially from other older English plays, more particularly two called *The Fawne* and *Flora's Vagaries*. This also was produced at the Duke's Theatre. In 1682 a second part of this comedy was produced, and in 1685 poor Otway's last and greatest effort, *Venice Preserved*; or, *a Plot Discovered*, when his friend Betterton played Jaffier, saw the light; again at the Duke's Theatre. The idea of this still famous tragedy was derived from the Abbé de St. Real's *Histoire de la Conjuration de Marquis de Bedemar*. These plays and his poems, with the translation of the French "History of the Triumvirate," published after his death, were all written before he was thirty-four years old.

Charles II. died in February, 1685, and on the 14th of the following year died poor Otway, "in a manner," says Dr. Johnson, in his "Lives of the Poets," "which I am unwilling to mention. Having been compelled by his necessities to contract debts, and hunted, as is supposed, by the terriers of the law, he retired to a public-house on Tower Hill, where he died of want, or, as is related by one of his biographers, by swallowing, after a long fast, a piece of bread which charity had supplied. He went out, as is reported, almost naked, in the rage of hunger, and finding a gentleman in a neighbouring coffee-house, asked him for a shilling. The gentleman gave him a guinea; and Otway going away bought a roll, and was choked with the first mouthful."

In one of the early newspapers, *L'Estrange's Observer* of November 27, 1686, appeared the following advertisement:—

"Whereas Mr. Thomas Otway some time before his death made four acts of a play, whoever can give notice into whose hands the copy lies, either to Mr. Thomas Betterton or Mr. William Smith, at the Theatre Royal, shall be well rewarded for his pains."

CHESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

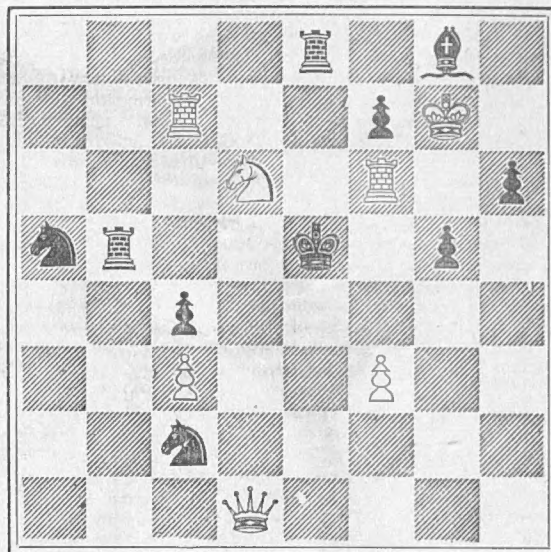
H. E. K., A. E. S.—Many thanks for problems duly received.
A. R. S. (Ayr).—You seem to have mistaken the position. Your second move for white (R takes R) is impossible.
TALLINGTON.—Try again; you have got the idea, but not found the right mode of working it out; if B takes K, White cannot mate next move.
TREBOR (Belfast).—We are very pleased to find that you still retain an interest in chess affairs. The American champion left London on the day your letter reached us. Your solution is quite correct, and is, of course, the author's.
A. E. S. and S. E.—Your communications are very gratifying. It was, indeed, a weak device of the foreign enemy.
TIGHT STAYS.—The solution is more subtle than you imagine, and the problem is well worthy of your re-examination; it would be better to give one or two variations for Black than to say "any move."

We have much pleasure in placing before our readers the following problem by our distinguished correspondent, A. E. Studd, Esq. This gentleman has composed some of the very best problems in "Chess Gems," and other works recently published. His proved ability and unquestionable impartiality constitute him no mean authority on the subject to which he refers in the letter we publish this week:—

PROBLEM 204.

By A. E. STUDD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

The following elegant little game was played last week at Simpson's Divan, between Mr. Earnshaw and another very skilful amateur:—
[The two knights defend].

WHITE. (Mr. X.)	BLACK. (Mr. Earnshaw.)	WHITE. (Mr. X.)	BLACK. (Mr. Earnshaw.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	13. R to K 2	P takes B P (ch)
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	14. K to B sq	B to Q 3
3. B to B 4	Kt to B 3	15. P to B 3	Q to K B 3
4. Kt to Kt 5	P to Q 4	16. Q to R 4 (c)	B to B 2
5. P takes P	Kt to R 4	17. P to Q Kt 4	Q to R 5
6. B to Kt 5 (ch)	P to B 3	18. Kt to R 3	Castles
7. P takes P	P takes P	19. Kt to B 2	R to K sq
8. B to K 2	P to K R 3	20. B to R 3	B to Kt 5
9. Kt to K B 3	P to K 5	21. Kt to Q 4	Kt to B 5 (d)
10. Kt to K 5	Q to Q 5 (a)	22. R to Q sq	R takes B
11. Kt to Kt 4	Kt takes Kt	23. Kt takes R	R to K sq
12. B takes Kt	P to K 6 (d)	24. Kt to Kt 3 (e)	B takes Kt

(a) A pleasing and, we think, a sound novelty originated by Mr. Earnshaw. Mr. Boden's move here, Q to B 2, is also very effective, and leads to interesting positions.

(b) It was with the object of making this admirable coup that Black played his Q to her fifth.

(c) We should have preferred P to Q 4 to be followed by the speedy development of the Queen's forces.

(d) Black plays with great vigour and ingenuity.

(e) As good, or as bad, as anything; his game is irreclaimable.

Oxton, Exeter, 18th Sept., 1878.
DEAR SIR,—As an occasional problem composer myself you permit me to endorse your remarks in last Saturday's paper with regard to Herr Keett's two-mover, No. 103. The first move, to which so great an objection seems to have been taken by some critics, is, I believe, considered as legitimate by all the leading authorities, English and foreign. Moreover, in the present case a very brief examination will discover that Black's previous move can have been no other, that of the pawn which is taken "en passant," a fact which may not have suggested itself to those of our correspondents who appear to have expressed themselves so strongly against the position. It is, in my humble judgment, well worthy of a place even in so fine a collection as that of this celebrated composer, and the interest it has excited amongst solvers emboldens me to express this opinion.—Yours faithfully,
A. E. STUDD.

* In his Autobiography, published in Latin in 1737, and translated into English for the first time in 1827.

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Captain Rawson, the acting commandant, is down
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IT IS THE BEST PREVENTIVE AND CURE
For Biliousness, Sick Headache,
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Or a Gentle Laxative and Tonic in the various forms
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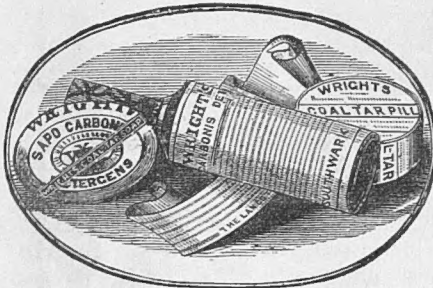
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Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless
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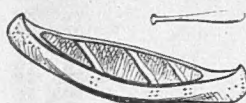
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SANDAL WOOD OIL.

The efficacy of this valuable medicine is due to the
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The Medical Profession for over Forty Years have ap-
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**ACIDITY of the STOMACH, HEART-
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INDIGESTION,**

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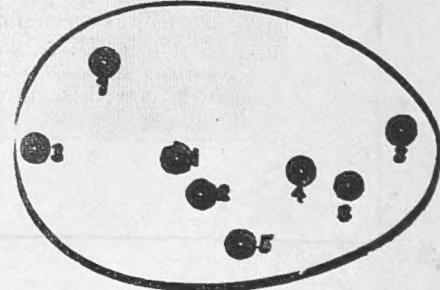
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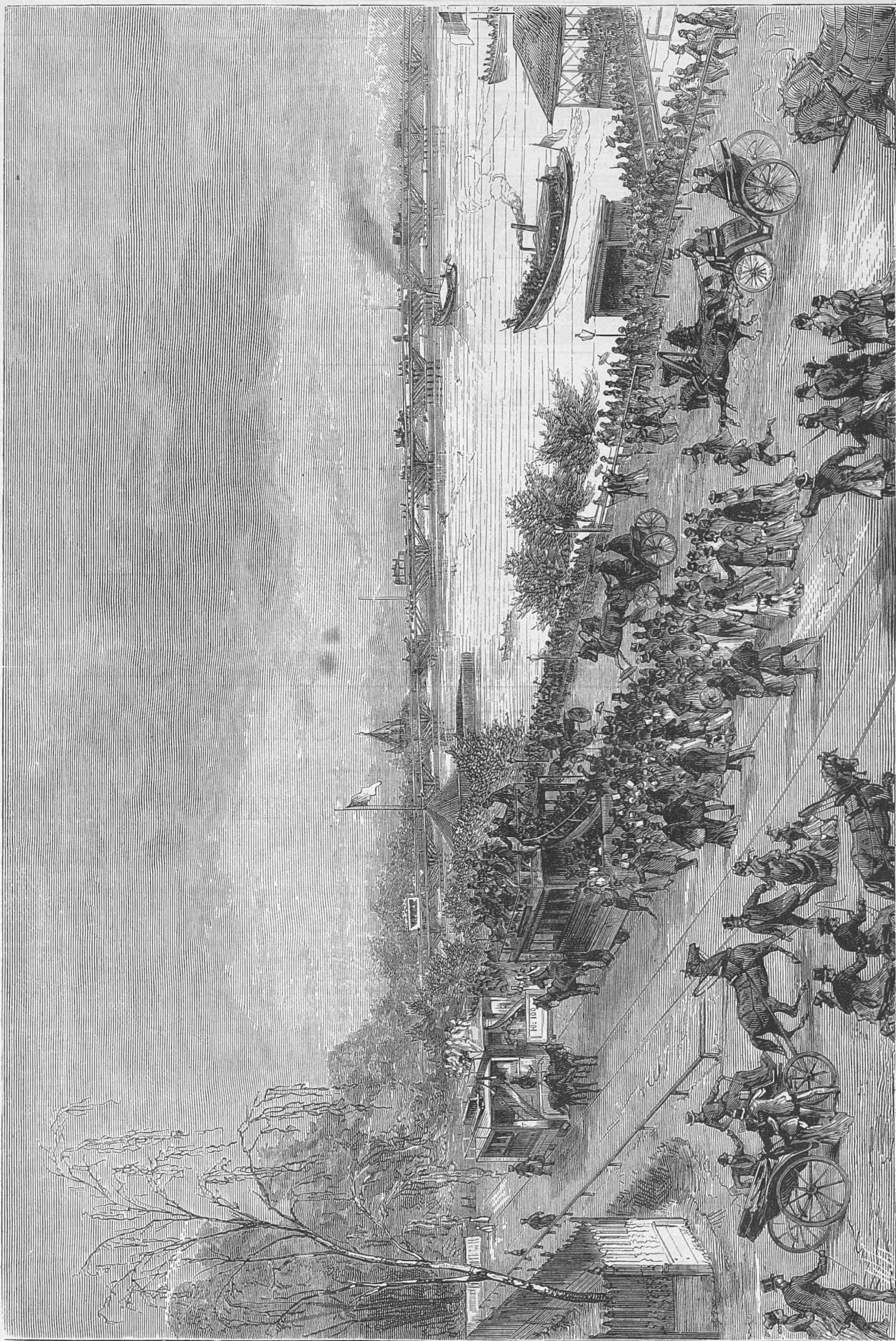
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